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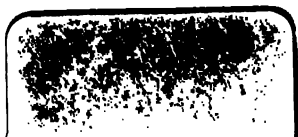
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AN EPOCH OF MY LIFE.

Memoirs

OF

COUNT JOHN ARRIVABENE.

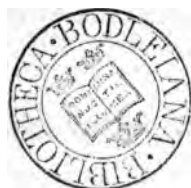
WITH DOCUMENTS, NOTES,
AND
SIX ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SILVIO PELLICO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL, WITH NOTES,

BY
C. ARRIVABENE.

LONDON:
L. BOOTH, 307 REGENT STREET, W.
1862.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH forty years have now elapsed since the events related in the following pages, the memory of the sufferings endured by the Italian patriots who were the first victims of Austrian wrath has not died away in England.

Time has at length brought disaster to the House of Hapsburg; while the public opinion of Europe has conducted the Italian question to an almost complete and satisfactory issue. The undue and mischievous influence which Austria exercised over the fair Peninsula of the South has been destroyed by the cannon of Palestro, of Magenta, and of Solferino. It is true that something still remains to be done; but the achievements of the past foretell those of the future.

As Italian matters stand now, it would perhaps appear that a translation of Memoirs which revert

to the first serious, but fruitless, attempt made by the Italians to shake off the unbearable yoke of Austria, would scarcely be of much interest to English readers. I think, however, that, when it is remembered that Count John Arrivabene's *Memoirs* especially dwell upon the incidents of the political trial got up by Francis I. at Venetia—a trial of which Pellico's *Mie Prigioni*, and Andryane's *Memoirs of a Prisoner of State*, scarcely make mention—the work will be accepted by the English public as a valuable contribution to Italian history.

Another consideration has induced me to make this translation. The *Memoirs* of Count John Arrivabene are devoid of the angry feeling which is generally traceable in such works. They are, moreover, if I may be allowed to say so, the true reflection of a noble and pure nature, which even the sufferings of exile could not pervert.

The book I now offer to the English public is one which will teach men to endure with Christian resignation the hard trials of life, and to turn the lessons of misfortune to the benefit of mankind. This is not only an opinion of my own

(which might be suspected by those who know how nearly I am related to the author); it is shared by Count John Arrivabene's many English friends, as well as by his fellow-countrymen, amongst the latter of whom I may mention Gioberti, who in 1847 thus wrote concerning the Memoirs:—"Arrivabene's book is divine. I have found in it but one fault, that of being too short. The style is clear, natural, and full of grace. The author proves himself to be endowed with great powers of imagination. Did you notice those charming descriptions? In Arrivabene I always esteemed the man and the author; but I assure you that, after reading his book, I love and esteem him more."

The fact of the Memoirs having been already translated into French, and being, I believe, on the eve of appearing in German, shows that Gioberti was not mistaken in so highly commending them.

A selection of new and important documents, and six original letters of Silvio Pellico, were added by the Author to his narrative.

To those documents, and to the Memoirs themselves, I have appended several notes; some origi-

nal, and others quoted from Pellico's *Mie Prigioni*, Andryane's *Memoirs*, and Maroncelli's *Addizioni*.

I cannot doubt that a book containing so much of modern Italian history will meet with the sympathy of English readers. In that case, I shall feel proud of having brought the work of my relative—a man, for whom I feel the greatest affection and gratitude—before the generous nation which has done so much for my country, and which will, undoubtedly, support the Italians until they have completed the glorious task of their national redemption.

*Brook Street, Grosvenor Square,
London, January 1862.*

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

HOWEVER large a part may have been taken by individuals in the important events which have happened during their life, public opinion is generally severe towards those who publish their own Memoirs. Neither the importance of the revelations which they contain, nor their literary merit, is sufficient to save them from the imputation of vanity. It would appear, therefore, that I, in publishing these Memoirs—I, who almost inactively have seen pass before me the grand drama of a century crowded with portentous facts—should merit a judgment peculiarly unfavourable.

But mine is not an ordinary case. I have been imprisoned, and afterwards condemned to capital punishment. The causes of this hard fate are but little known in my own country, and, perhaps, entirely unknown in the countries in which I have lived an exile. They might be supposed to be of a

nature which would cast a stain upon the character. The defence of my reputation requires, therefore, that they should be fully known. Hence the necessity of publishing these Memoirs myself. Added to this, I have arrived so near the natural termination of my days, that they might almost be considered as Memoirs from beyond the tomb ; and, besides, as the title shows, they refer to only a brief epoch in my life.

With the exception of some new notes, I publish these Memoirs as they were written twenty-two years ago, when I was bowed down by adversity. I do this to place before the reader the picture of my mind in a state which may be considered as a test of the strength with which the human soul is gifted.

Having in my possession some letters of SILVIO PELLICO, addressed to me, I have put my modesty on one side, and, considering how much is said of him in this work, and how the smallest production of his pen bears the impress of his pure and lofty mind, I think that I am doing a good action, and fulfilling almost a duty, in making them known to the public.

Turin, 1860.

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AN EPOCH OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY STUDIES AND ASPIRATIONS.

THE greater part of my life has been passed in obscurity, without vicissitudes, without events worthy either of being noted or narrated. During a short period, nevertheless, circumstances occurred to me which, when related, generally awaken sympathy; besides which I took a part—a small one, it is true, but still a part—in events which belong to the history of my country, conjointly with men, all more or less worthy, and some famous for the sufferings they underwent.

To relate these events—to state truthfully some particulars respecting these men and their fate—I have thought to be the duty of a good citizen, and, at the same time, a work interesting to my fellow-men.

Another consideration also has induced me to do so. The attempts made by us in 1821 to

ameliorate the political condition of Italy were fruitless. From that time, the sanctity of the cause, the purity of our intentions, and the social position of the greater number, did not suffice to protect us from the attacks of calumny. We were accused of intending to subvert thrones, religion, and morality, and of holding cruel and sanguinary ideas. This simple narrative will clearly show how false such accusations were.*

In writing these pages I have taken the greatest care to guard myself, as much as possible, as one would from false friends, from all complaints of my fate—all declaiming against my adversaries; and this out of respect to my readers and to myself, and also from my own self-love; for intemperance of language, instead of exciting compassion in the generality of men for the victims of political struggles, closes the hearts even of those who hold common sentiments and opinions with themselves; whilst, on the contrary, by dignified submission to an inevitable destiny, and by the absence of vain lamentations, they force their very enemies to esteem them.† I have abstained from passing judgment on the conduct of my adversaries, because my opinions could not be otherwise than partial, and conse-

* See Appendix.

† Ibid.

quently would have no weight. I relate the truth ; let every one judge for himself.

That period of my life of which I am speaking comprehends principally the years 1820, 1821, and 1822. To clearly understand it, it is necessary that the reader should cast a rapid glance with me over the years immediately preceding it.

When, in 1805, Napoleon established the kingdom of Italy, I was eighteen years of age. The kingdom lasted nine years; and I, in the bloom of youth, passed those years, so full of great events, in the most complete and shameful idleness, scarcely concerning myself at all about public matters: it was only after the fall of the kingdom of Italy that I began to take them seriously to heart. I saw, as it were, a plant rooted up, which, had it been allowed to grow, would have become, favoured by circumstances, a goodly tree, whose shade would have spread over the whole of Italy. My grief was unbounded. The laws, the army, the coinage, the men—everything, in short, of the fallen kingdom—I loved; to all that was substituted by the new government I took an aversion. Then arose in me an ardent desire for Italian independence—for liberal institutions. This desire I fed and stimulated with the perusal of all the books and French journals I

could procure. I made those who felt with me on political matters partake of this forbidden fruit ; the indifferent, and those who held contrary opinions, had also their share ; and even some portion fell to the civil Italian authorities, as well as to the Austrian military ones. In the frequent excursions which I made to various cities in Italy, the ties of old friendships were strengthened, and new ones were formed with men whose opinions, wishes, and hopes, were in conformity with my own.

Amongst the old friends I count first, in Milan, Confalonieri, Berchet, and Pecchio ; in Brescia, the brothers Ugoni and Scalvini.* My acquaintance

* Count Confalonieri was born in the year 1787. He was equerry to the Prince Eugène Beauharnais during the time the kingdom of Italy lasted. But, in 1814, when the great Napoleonic era had closed, Confalonieri was amongst those Milanese noblemen who opposed the election of Beauharnais as King of Italy. The result of that opposition was, that the Austrians established themselves in Lombardy and Venetia. Confalonieri, together with other Milanese noblemen, was sent to Paris, to ask the Emperor of Austria if he would maintain the Italian kingdom. To this demand Francis I. answered that Lombardy was a part of his dominions, and that, besides his ancient rights, he now possessed those of a conqueror. He said that he would do his utmost to render the Lombards happy, but that it was useless for them to think of an Italian kingdom. "The Lombards," the Emperor concluded, in dismissing

with Confalonieri dates from the year 1807. He was then a handsome and elegant young man, newly married to a lady in whom beauty, grace, and sweetness of manners, harmonised wonderfully.

It was then I left Mantua for the first time, and ventured into, what appeared to me, the great world of Milan. The Milanese were accustomed to look down a little upon provincials: at first, therefore, I accosted them with diffidence; and it was not until later that I became intimate with Confalonieri and the others.

With the three Brescians, acquaintance and intimacy were almost simultaneous; we were all men of the provinces.

Confalonieri and his companions, "must make up their minds to forget their former importance, and I shall endeavour, little by little, to bring them to less ambitious aspirations." Such an answer was not likely to please so proud a man as Confalonieri. From that moment he became an implacable enemy of the Austrian Government, and made himself the chief of the anti-Austrian party in Lombardy. He travelled a great deal, and became acquainted with the most influential Liberals of Italy and Europe.

A fraction of the Italian Liberal party accused Confalonieri of having injured the country by obstinately opposing the election of Prince Eugène; and, still worse, his enemies charged him with having indirectly co-operated in the assassination of the Italian Minister of Finance, Prina, which took place in 1814. But this calumny did

Amongst my new friends I put, in the first place, in Milan, Monsignor de Breme, Pellico,

not gain much credit, and the Count himself published a pamphlet in which he fully proves his innocence. This pamphlet, which was published in Switzerland, excited the displeasure of the Austrian Government.

There is no doubt that Confalonieri did really take a prominent part in the Piedmontese Revolution of 1821. He undoubtedly acted with the chiefs of that revolutionary movement; but, at the moment in which it broke out, he was lying in his bed dangerously ill.

It appears that in the month of March, on the very eve of the Revolution, he wrote a letter to Count San Marsan, of Turin, in which he advised the Piedmontese chiefs to suspend the movement, as Lombardy was not yet ready. This letter was the cause of Confalonieri's ruin.

It is generally asserted that Count Bubna, the commander-in-chief of the Austrian army in Lombardy, who was a great admirer of the beautiful and virtuous Countess Confalonieri, made the Count indirectly aware of the danger he incurred by remaining in the Imperial States. But Confalonieri was too proud a man to take advantage of the timely warning given by the old Austrian General. He was certain that the Government would not dare to lay its hand upon him. He thought too much of his personal and social position, and could not suppose that he would be imprisoned. He had, besides, taken his precautions, in case the police should enter his palace. A secret door had been opened in his dressing-room, which, by a narrow staircase, led to the roof of the house. The fact unhappily proved that he had mistaken both his individual importance, and the means of escaping his enemies.

Confalonieri was arrested in the month of December

Borsieri, and Porro ; in Brescia, Mompiani. Monsignor de Breme and Pellico came to Mantua in

1821, and two years later he was condemned to death. His wife, the virtuous Teresa, went to Vienna, and, throwing herself at the feet of Francis I., obtained, through the noble exertions of the Empress, the life of her husband. As the sentence of death had already been signed by the Emperor, and sent to Milan to be carried into execution, it was almost a miracle that the Countess arrived in time to arrest the terrible tragedy. God, however, remunerated her noble devotion. The carriage of the courier who was charged to take the fatal sentence to Milan broke down on the snowy mountains of Tyrol: Teresa outstripped the messenger of death, and Confalonieri was saved.* His life was spared, but the fate which awaited him was nevertheless terrible. Both he and Alexandre Andryanne were condemned to penal servitude (*carcere durissimo*) for life.

As the reader will see in one of the following notes, quoted from Andryanne, the sentence was read to Confalonieri and his companions on the 21st of January, 1824. The names of those who, like Arrivabene, Arconati, Ugoni, &c., had escaped, were posted up at the top of the pillory in which the unfortunate Count and his fellow-prisoners stood, loaded with heavy chains. It appears that that day was expressly chosen by Salvotti, as being the anniversary of the execution of the unhappy Louis XVI. The intention of the Austrian Inquisitor was clear enough ; he

* The cushion upon which the Countess had reposed her head during that agonising journey, Confalonieri was allowed to take with him to Spielberg; but in one of the visits made to Spielberg by the Aulic counsellor, Baron Von Vogel, it was inhumanly taken away from the prisoner.

1816, and were recommended to me by Signor Acerbi, the northern traveller. The limits which,

meant to establish an odious comparison between those Italian patriots and the men who had brought the King of France to the scaffold. In one of the following notes I shall revert to the conversation Confalonieri had at Vienna with Prince Metternich. On this curious episode of the great Austrian statesman's life, M. Veuillot has published two interesting articles in the *Univers* of 1858 and 1859. The Ultramontane writer relates a long conversation he had at Vienna with Prince Metternich, who told him that Pellico was a great impostor when he complained of the treatment to which he was subjected at Spielberg. "*Pellico*," said Metternich, "*a mis la calomnie en prière.*" A very strange sentence, indeed! one which no man, who knows what the Austrian Government is, would be likely to endorse.

To return to Confalonieri, however. He passed nearly fourteen years at Spielberg, and was exiled to America after the death of Francis I. In the year 1841 he was allowed to return to his native country; but, alas! his devoted wife was no more. She had died long before, worn out by grief and forlorn hopes! In the year 1846, Confalonieri was crossing Mount Saint Gothard, when he died at Ariolo, more from the effect of the cruelties he had suffered in the Austrian dungeon than from age.

Berchet is the patriot poet of Italy. Some of his poems have been translated into French. He was one of the principal writers of the *Conciliatore*, a journal which appeared in Milan in 1819; the organ of the *romanticists*, and a propagator of liberal and patriotic ideas. This journal was suppressed by the Austrian Government after a short existence. Berchet died at Turin, in 1851.

at this epoch, separated political parties in Italy were not then very precise. Two or three years

Pecchio resided for a long time in England, proscribed in consequence of the sentence inserted in the Appendix. Although deprived of his fortune, he lived in London in the best society. His conversation and distinguished manners made him much sought after. He captivated the heart of a lady of fortune, to whom he was married; and died at Brighton, to which place he had gone to restore his health, in 1839. Pecchio was a man of science. He published two remarkable works:

1. *Un saggio storico dell' amministrazione finanziaria dell' ex regno d'Italia, dal 1802 al 1814.* (Historical Essay on the financial administration of the ex-kingdom of Italy, from 1802 to 1814.) This work appeared in 1817; a second edition was published in London in 1826.

2. *Una storia della Economia politica in Italia, ossia epilogo critico degli Economisti, preceduto da una Introduzione.*—Lugano, 1829. 1 vol. 8vo. A translation of this book appeared in French, under the title of *Histoire de l'Economie politique en Italie, ou Abrégé Critique des Economistes Italiens*, preceded by an Introduction. Translated from the Italian by M. Léonard Galloix. Paris, A. Levasseur. 1 vol. in 8vo.

The Baron Camille Ugoni, a distinguished man of letters, published several volumes on the Italian writers. He belonged to one of the oldest families of Brescia. In 1811 he went to Paris to offer congratulations to the Emperor on the birth of the King of Rome: it was then he was created Baron. He passed sixteen years in exile, the greater part of the time in Paris, where men of distinction, attracted by his varied knowledge and amiable nature, sought his society. Returning to Italy in 1848, he died there a few years after.

later, Signor Acerbi would certainly not have sent those two persons to me.

Filippo Ugoni, youngest brother of the Baron Camille Ugoni, was also proscribed: he lived in exile still longer than his brother. But he has had, on the other hand, the happiness of living long enough to see his native city become Italian.

Scalvini fled with Arrivabene, and lived with him in exile, in England and in France. He returned to his country in 1839.

There is an excellent translation of Goethe's "Faust" by Scalvini: it is considered the best Italian translation that has appeared. He also wrote an admirable pamphlet on the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni. Both these works appeared in the "Rivista Italiana," which was published at Milan under the direction of M. Acerbi. He was likewise the author of some articles remarkable for their elevated criticism. His bad health would not permit him to undertake publications of any great length; but he had a highly-cultivated taste, and a very sound and original judgment, especially in matters of art.

At the time of the arrest of Borsieri, in 1822, he was clerk in the Court of Appeal at Milan. The sentence which struck him and so many others bears the date of the 21st January, 1824. He was taken to Spielberg, where he remained with Gaetano Castiglia, whose name appears many times in the following pages, until the end of 1833, when they were transferred to Brünn, and afterwards to Gradisca. In 1836, the two friends embarked for New York. They returned to Europe in 1838, at the publication of the amnesty; but the advantages of this act were refused to them. In 1840, Borsieri came to Brussels to see his friend Arrivabene. Having obtained the authorisation to return to his country, he went to Milan in 1840, fell ill in 1852, and

Monsignor de Breme had come to Mantua to place upon the stage a drama of his, entitled

died, leaving a name esteemed and loved by all who had known him.

Gaetano Castiglia, whom the reader must not confound with Charles Castiglia, also mentioned in the Memoirs, was likewise, during some months, at Spielberg, and shared the room of Confalonieri. He returned in 1852 to Milan with Borsieri, where he still resides. His old companions in misfortune call him *the good Castiglia*. As distinguished in mind as in heart, he has a great many friends both in Italy and elsewhere.

Count Porro belonged to one of the noblest and most opulent families in Milan. Every distinguished man either in rank or talent, whether an Italian or a foreigner, was received in his house. It was he who introduced gas into Milan; and to him also is principally due the introduction of the steamboats which thread the Ticino and the Po.

He commenced his political career in 1801, as a delegate from the city of Milan to the Comizii of Lyons, when Napoleon, first Consul, changed the destinies of Lombardy. In 1820 he was obliged to fly. He lived in England and in France: deprived of means, he was obliged, like many other personages, to give lessons in the Italian language and literature. His patriotism and love of liberty never abandoned him. Devoted to the cause of Greece, he was sent from London to carry money to that country. His amiable character and distinguished manners rendered him popular everywhere. Returning to Italy after the amnesty of 1838, he continued, as much as circumstances would permit, to serve the cause of his country. He ended his days recently at Milan, at an advanced age, in spite of the trials of an agitated life.

"Ida;" and Pellico had followed him from friendship and kindness of heart, in order to share with him the annoyances inseparable from such affairs, and to enjoy the hoped-for triumph of his friend. The drama, however, did not succeed. Monsignor de Breme was a cultivated man, passionately given to study, of a noble mind and most gentlemanly manners, loving the good and the beautiful; but dramatic genius Nature had denied him. The two friends remained in Mantua about a month. I saw them often, and both of them; and of the month we passed together, I retain to this hour a most pleasing remembrance.

In the summer of 1819, I travelled into Switzerland in company with the Ugonis. The sight, new to me, of a free country, and the conversing with men of liberal opinions, made me feel more vividly than ever the weight of foreign dominion, so that I supported it with less patience; servitude appeared more revolting and debasing, and the desire increased of seeing Italy independent and free.

Mompiani, the intimate friend of Confalonieri, was a man of talent and of great worth, entirely devoted to the instruction of children, and particularly of deaf and dumb children. He had brought up with him one of those unfortunates, whom he treated rather as a friend than as a pupil. Mompiani is no more. He also passed several years in prison.

On returning to my native land, I crossed the frontiers holding in my hand "*L'Italia, uscente, il Settembre, 1818*"—an innocuous book by Angeloni, but one which then appeared to me to be the quintessence of Liberalism.

Such were my habits, such the state of my mind, on the eve of 1820. A patriot of 1796, a man of experience, often said to me: "*Arrivabene, you will end your life in the recesses of a prison.*" I laughed at this prophet of misfortune; but that his prophecy was not fulfilled was the result of pure chance.

The revolution of Spain filled me with joy, opened my mind to great hopes, and awakened all my enthusiasm. Those Spaniards who had returned from exile, who were liberated from the prisons, having now the power to make their oppressors expiate their injustice, their cruelties,—those men were, nevertheless, generous, moderate, humane; forgetting injuries, abstaining from vengeance: those men I admired and loved as fellow-citizens and brothers.

Absorbed by the great events in Spain, another revolution, that of Naples, broke forth, which touched me more nearly, as it might immediately satisfy my desires, and change my hopes to realities.

These events brought my political exultation to a high pitch, without, however, urging me to action. I contented myself with reading Neapolitan newspapers, and conversing with friends on the events of the day.

I longed for a change in Italy, not only through love of my country, but as a means of action, of doing something which would be worthy of the esteem and approbation of my fellow-citizens. I was ready, therefore, to follow any path which would lead to that end. Thus, being at Brescia, and having visited a school of mutual instruction which Mompiani had established there, "Here," I said to myself, "here is a means of doing good, and at the same time of distinguishing myself!" When I returned to Mantua, I immediately took in hand the formation of a similar school.

In two months I had assembled in it about two hundred children of various ages and conditions. This was more an experiment of the method than a regular school. Many amongst the scholars knew already how to read and write when they entered. Some of them, however, were entirely ignorant; but in a short time they had learnt so well, that I was proud of my good success.

I resided at Zaita, my villa, six miles distant from Mantua.

Every day I went to the school. These days were the happiest of my life. Man derives his pleasures from different sources, all more or less impure; happiness he can only obtain from the immaculate Source of good actions.

Confalonieri and Porro in Milan, Filippo Ugoni at Pontevico, and others elsewhere, had established schools of mutual instruction.

- These “dilettanti” schoolmasters corresponded with one another on the difficulties which they met with in the application of this method, on the manner of surmounting them, and on the improvements to be introduced; and they visited each others’ schools.

Political ideas had given place to immediate good actions. We were all filled with that joy which penetrates the heart when, for the first time, we leave the routine of common life, and undertake something at once beautiful and useful; consecrating ourselves to the mission of regenerating the people,—a mission to which we thought ourselves destined, and which we conceived ourselves able easily to accomplish.

But we were under a strange delusion, and were too soon made aware of it. Mutual instruction, like so many other inventions of modern days, was a symbol of party—of Liberalism. The Austrian

Government was therefore hostile to it; and, besides, would not tolerate that men whom it knew to be its enemies should pass from the community of thought to that of action, and should acquire influence over the people by means of instruction. It ordered that our schools should be closed.

Scarcely had I received this fatal command than I went to Milan: I presented myself before the Viceroy, and implored of him its revocation, or at least its suspension. He received my request with courtesy, and permitted me to keep open my school provisionally. I returned home contented for the present, and full of hope for the future. But, some days after the order was renewed, I had recourse a second time to the Viceroy, who, in a tone sufficiently severe, told me it was necessary to obey. On returning to Mantua, I went to the school. The children were anxious as criminals awaiting their sentence; and when they heard that there was no more hope—that we should be forced to separate for ever—there was universal weeping. This grief could not, however, be with them more than momentary—on the surface, as it were, of the heart—whilst with me it took deep root. I had formed the habit of serious occupation, accomplishing at the same time a work of usefulness. To find myself deprived of

it at one blow, was a great void in my life—something insupportable.

To divert and console myself, I went into Tuscany with Scalvini. I was pleased to advance towards Naples—that volcano, that beacon, of revolution, towards which were then turned and attracted the dazzled eyes of the Liberals of the whole of Italy. My good work stopped; political ideas resumed their empire over my mind. I entertained myself with some Tuscan Liberals on the revolution of Naples. I wrote to Lombardy, by post, some imprudent letters, and I carried there a pamphlet, in which was confronted the despotism of Napoleon with that of Austria, the first being described as *sublime, at least*. It was also shown (giving America as an example) that *even without kings public affairs could prosper* (these are the words of the author). Such were the few Liberal sins I committed during my sojourn in Tuscany, and for which I had to do no penance whatever.

But, indirectly, this journey was the cause of serious evils to me.

On the eve of my going into Tuscany, Porro had asked me to take away from the college of Siena his eldest son, Giberto. I was to bring him with me to Zaita, where his father would

come and fetch him. Giberto and I arrived at Zaita towards the middle of September, and, a few days after, we were joined by Porro, his two younger sons, and Pellico, their preceptor.*

I had these dear friends in my house for fifteen days. The youthful vivacity of Porro, the amenity of character and the cultivated mind of Pellico, and the cheerfulness of the three youths, rendered Zaita an abode of joy and contentment. We often made excursions to the neighbouring villages. I will mention one of these.

Porro, Confalonieri, and A. Visconti, had imported into Italy in this same year, 1820, a steam-boat—the first which appeared there. Leaving Pavia, she was to descend the Ticino, enter the Po, go to Venice, and *vice versâ*. Arrived at the mouth of the Minœio, it was to mount that river about three miles, as far as Governolo, and deposit there the goods directed to Mantua, where the

* “I had devoted myself to the functions of an instructor for some years towards Giacomo and Giulio Porro, two young boys of excellent promise, whom I loved as if they had been my own, and whom I shall always love. God knows how many times, in my prison, I have thought of them; how I have been afflicted at not being able to finish their education; with what ardour I besought Heaven to give them a new master who might equal me in love for them!”—PELLICO: *Mie Prigioni*.

boat, on account of certain locks, could not arrive. She made her first voyage just at the time that Porro and his family were at Zaita. This is distant five miles from Governolo. We repaired thither on the day fixed for the arrival of the boat. Each side of the river was crowded with people. After many hours of anxious waiting, we saw in the distance a pillar of smoke, then the boat: there was a universal silence; but, when, having arrived at the village, and almost touching it, she turned herself majestically round, and stopped at the opposite bank, there was a loud shout of applause, which echoed all along the shores.

One day, whilst Porro and his sons were in the garden, Pellico and I were in a room, seated on a sofa. We spoke of Italy—of the manner of regenerating her. Suddenly Pellico exclaimed,—

“Arrivabene, to regenerate Italy we must have secret societies; we must become Carbonari.”

“It would be a folly,” I replied immediately. “You know that not long since a law was promulgated which condemns the Carbonari to death. You may help Italy without affiliating yourself to any sect.”

Those who had gone into the garden re-entered

the house ; our dialogue was interrupted, and never resumed.

Towards the 6th of October, Porro confided to me the management of the affairs connected with the arrival of the steamboat at Governolo. He left about this time with his family, going to Milan. On the 13th, Pellico was arrested.

CHAPTER II.

THE PIEDMONTESE REVOLUTION.

ABOUT the middle of February, 1821, I received at Mantua a letter from Confalonieri, in which he invited me to repair immediately to Milan, in order to regulate with him the accounts of the steamboat. I, believing this to be the real reason of his sudden summons, and not thinking any inconvenience could arise from delaying my departure a little, remained a few days at Mantua. When I arrived in Milan, I found Confalonieri seriously ill. The doctors had forbidden him to speak, or even to hear speaking. After a brief conversation by signs, in which we endeavoured to express the emotions to which our hearts were a prey in this grave emergency (the Piedmontese Revolution was at that time maturing), I departed . . . and I never saw him after, until sixteen years had passed away, when, returning from

America, and being expelled from France, he took refuge in Belgium, at the château of Gasbeck, in the bosom of that family* which seemed always to think that it had only been more spared by fortune than other exiles for the sole end of consoling, succouring, and giving hospitality

* The author here alludes to the family of the Marquis Arconati Visconti, a Milanese nobleman of great wealth, who, like Arrivabene, was condemned to death in 1822.

There are few men in Italy, or perhaps in Europe, whose moral qualities could bear comparison with those of the Marquis Arconati. Kindness, charity, amiability, a restless activity in soothing the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures—such are the prominent features of Arconati's noble nature.

When he was compelled to emigrate, together with his excellent and high-minded wife, he went to Belgium, where he had a good deal of landed property bequeathed by an uncle, who had married the last descendant of the famous Count d'Egmont. Once settled in Belgium, both the château of Gasbeck and Arconati's palace in Brussels were inhabited by a great many of his exiled friends. The famous Italian poet, Berchet, Counts Colegno and Arrivabene, together with several others, became the daily guests of that generous family. Nor was this the only manner in which the Marquis Arconati Visconti exercised what he always thought the first duty of a rich exile. The greater part of his income was every year distributed amongst the Italian political refugees who chanced to pass through Brussels, or who were settled there, and amongst the poor of the town.

In 1848, the Marquis Arconati settled in Piedmont,

to its brethren in misfortune. Oh, how he was changed from what he had been before ! The sunken shoulders, the fixed eyes, and, even more, the depressed spirit, showed clearly how profound had been the grief, how great the sorrows which he had suffered.

where he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a civic dignity which he still holds. Truly religious, yet liberal, and a great lover of his country, the Marquis Arconati belongs to that political party which has the honour of reckoning among its supporters men like Manzoni, Alfieri di Sostegno, and Massimo d'Azeglio ; men, who know how to steer a proper course between the undue pretensions of the Roman court and the exaggerations of the extreme parties.

The house of the Marquis Arconati, at Turin, is the one most frequented by political and literary men. The Marchioness Arconati Visconti was one of the few Italian friends whom the unfortunate Margaret Fuller Ossoli had in Italy ; and the following opinion of her has been expressed by that extraordinary American writer :—

“Among strangers, I wish most to speak to you of my friend, the Marchioness Arconati Visconti, a Milanese. She is a specimen of the really high-bred lady, such as I have not known elsewhere. The grace and harmony of her manners produce all the impressions of beauty. She has also a mind strong, clear, precise, and much cultivated. She has a modest nobleness that you would dearly love. She is intimate with many of the first men. She seems to love me much, and to wish I should have whatever is hers. I take great pleasure in her friendship.”

One morning—it was about the end of February—Borsieri came to me, exclaiming,—

“Quick! dress yourself, and come with me.”

“Where?”

“To Pecchio’s country-house, three miles from Milan. He is waiting for us in a carriage on the Piazza.”

I went into my bedroom to dress myself, but did not find my clothes there. I returned to Borsieri, and said to him,—

“I cannot go with you, because I have nothing to put on; my servant must have locked up my clothes in his room.”

“Soon remedied,” answered Borsieri. “Send for a smith, and cause the room to be opened.”

This being done, I dressed hastily, and we departed.

When we entered the carriage, the two friends told me why they were going into the country. It was to discuss the measures to be taken in case the revolutionary movements which were in preparation in Piedmont should break out, and the Piedmontese should come to Milan. I observed to them that they had made a bad choice in selecting the country. If it had been summer-time, admirable—nothing more natural; but in the winter, with the ground covered with

snow, we should leave traces, like those of our wheels, on the snow.

Arrived at Pecchio's country-house, we were joined by Benigno Bossi, and by the councillor, Carlo Castiglia. So we were five—Pecchio, Borsieri, myself, Bossi, and Castiglia. We spoke of the Piedmontese Revolution, but kept to generalities; no one knew, or, at least, no one said, anything of particulars. We agreed that it would have been well to prepare the organisation of a National Guard. We talked over some names—the names of persons thought to be the most fit to form a committee of government, to undertake the most important offices. Allusions were made to a proclamation to be published on the entry of the Piedmontese into Milan, and, in reference to this, Pecchio said, "It would fall to Confalonieri to sign it, but he is ill. Arrivabene, you will sign it."

I excused myself, not out of fear—I had not even a shadow of it—but by alleging that my name was not sufficiently noted in Milan to give weight to any proclamation to which it might be appended.

To these discourses succeeded others of a different nature. We ate and drank, and every one then went about his own business. From

that moment to the one in which the Piedmontese Revolution was discovered, twelve or fifteen days passed. The first movement was made in Alessandria on the 10th, the second in Turin on the 13th, of March. During the interval the five did not meet again. Not one of them, as far as is known to me, attempted to bring to effect the proposed measures; and I did not know any more of the affairs of Piedmont than was known to the generality of the Milanese.

About this same time, one night, at a late hour, Pecchio came to me. He told us (Scalvini was with me) that the affairs of Piedmont were going on well, but that there was a scarcity of money,—a want, above all, of horses for the officers of the “staff:” he came to me for money. I had none in the house; but I promised him 1000 francs by the following morning.

In order not to excite suspicion, it was arranged that, at a certain hour, I should go to a stated spot, where I should find some one who would receive the money. And this we did. I took the money, which I borrowed from a friend, allowing him to see the object for which it was destined; so that, in a few days after, several persons asked me if it were true that I had given a great sum of money for the Piedmontese cause. The

thousand francs, passing from mouth to mouth, had become a large sum; which underwent even other metamorphoses, as will be seen in the sequel.

Pecchio being gone, Scalvini and I began to make some serious reflections. We were obliged to allow that the Piedmontese revolutionists must find themselves at a very low ebb, to have recourse to the Lombards for money. What could the armies of Piedmont and Naples do,—what could even all Italy do, even should she rise *en masse*, with forces mostly undisciplined and disunited, against the disciplined, warlike, and united forces of Austria, backed by that great colossus, “*The Holy Alliance?*” The undertaking was above the strength of the Italians—was absurd! This conclusion did not lead me, however, as would seem natural that it should do, to withdraw myself from the perilous path on which I had entered. To do so was not so easy or so natural as it appears at first sight. What means could I take? Make known to my friends the discovery I had made? They would have said I had made it through the prism of fear. Leave Milan without letting them know? They would have said worse. And then I liked being near the place where a knot of so much political importance was to be untied; and also my self-

love was a little flattered at being in Milan, a sort of representative of my province ; above all, I did not sufficiently reflect on the possible consequences. I remained, therefore, at Milan. The news of the movement at Alessandria reached me on the 11th of March. I do not know what my friends did. As for myself, I remained three days longer at Milan, and then I returned to Mantua to my usual life, as though I had not mixed myself up in anything,—as if at that very moment the fate of Italy and my own were not being decided.

CHAPTER III.

I AM ARRESTED.

It was the last Friday of May, 1821. I was at Zaita, in company with some friends. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and very hot. I had retired to my room, and, stretched on a sofa, was sleeping in a semi-obscurity. My villa is situated at about three hundred paces from the highroad which goes from Mantua to Modena. The road is paved with small stones pressed together, so that a carriage passing over it makes a great noise. I heard a distant sound of carriages—the sound came nearer—I ran to the window—I saw two carriages entering the *allée*. I descended the staircase precipitately, and at the foot of it found five persons, of whom one was in uniform, with a sword at his side. I understood well who they were,—I imagined why they came,—and yet I asked them the

the Director of the Police to defer my departure until the following morning : to this he consented.

I went to my house accompanied by a new Commissary, those who had come to arrest me having all disappeared, and by two gendarmes in plain clothes. I went to bed ; the Commissary remained in my room seated on an arm-chair ; the two gendarmes in the ante-room stretched themselves on a mattress. I did not close my eyes the whole night. A thousand sorrowful thoughts rose in my mind. I cheered myself, however, with the thought that I was not a Carbonaro, and knew nothing of Carbonarism. As to the words said to me by Pellico, at Zaita, I had attached no importance whatever to them (who could imagine that there was any ?) ; and every trace of them was so entirely effaced from my memory, that this being sent to Venice before a Commission which had for its special office the judging the affairs of Carbonarism, did not even suffice to recall them. Before daylight I rose from my bed—the Commissary slept, or pretended to sleep. My servant Giuseppe, a good German, brought me my coffee. He remained in the room, and, with me, set about making preparations for departure. He whispered in my ear, “Fly! fly!” In the room there was an alcove, in which the bed was placed. This com-

municates with a dressing-room, and from it there was access to every part of the house.

My paternal mansion is very extensive. Seven gates give exit into two different streets. To fly from my house would have been very easy. But where should I shelter myself? At what door should I knock? How get out of the city, which is a fortress? How arrive at the frontiers? "I will not fly," I said to Giuseppe,—“I will not fly: at latest, in a year we shall see each other again.”

At four in the morning I entered the carriage. The commissary placed himself by my side; the two gendarmes opposite. Some of my friends were in the street before my house, coming to wish me a farewell, which might be the last.

Scarcely had we left the city than I repeatedly interrogated the commissary concerning the Commission of Venice. It was of the greatest importance to me that it should have no other mission than that of punishing the crimes of Carbonarism. The commissary was a rude man, ill-educated; but, as he replied according to my wishes, I felt an affection for him. I forced myself to read; but only the eyes read—the mind was otherwise occupied. We arrived by night at Mestre, and put ourselves in a gondola. The lagune was agitated; there was

both wind and rain, with a dark sky. Nature was in harmony with my present fortune and with the state of my mind.

Towards midnight we entered Venice. Crossing the Grand Canal, the light of chandeliers streamed from the windows of two palaces; the sound of merry voices came to my ears. We got out at the Ducal Palace. The commissary left; I, guarded by the two gendarmes, seated myself upon a bench under the portico of the Palace by the light of a lamp nearly extinguished. The commissary was absent about an hour. According to him, it appeared that no gaoler would receive me, and that it was as if by favour that I was admitted into prison. The commissary, the two gendarmes, and a fourth personage, newly come upon the scene, as well as the gaoler, accompanied me to the prison destined for me.

During the journey I had taken nothing but coffee and bread. I had some food brought to me, but the mouthfuls would not go down: I then threw myself on the bed. What a night was that! In less than two days, what a change in my situation! From being the inhabitant of a villa, embellished by myself, surrounded by affectionate country people, under a smiling sky in that month of May, that festival month of the fields in Italy,—

from being a man of good fortune, with thoughts of travel, of marriage, of noble and useful actions, to become the inhabitant of a prison : in the hands of powerful enemies, strangers, irritated against all that was Italian !

Scarcely had the day appeared than I jumped out of bed, and ran to the window. I saw from it a great part of Venice ; and under me a bridge, and the Church of St. Mark, in which, looking through the panes of the window, I saw the priests officiating, and the faithful kneeling in prayer, and from which the chants and the sound of the organ reached my ear.

On the first appearance of the gaoler, I asked him, " What bridge is that ? What prison is that ? " " That is the Bridge of Sighs, and here, where you are, is the prison called *The Leads*," replied he, in his Venetian dialect. The name of the bridge made a great impression on me. I was too absorbed, however, in my own misfortunes to shed tears over those past unhappy beings who had crossed it ; and, whatever bad opinion I might have of the hands into which I had fallen, I knew well that of this bridge I had nothing to fear. Of the *Piombi* (the Leads) I had made to myself such a terrible image, that I was relieved when I found that

the one in which they had confined me was a dirty, common prison, and nothing more.*

Towards mid-day, the gaoler returned, and announced to me that the judges called me before them.

He introduced me into a large hall. There were present four persons: viz., three judges; Salvotti (a Tyrolean), a Vicentian, and an Austrian, whose names I do not remember, and a clerk, Rosmini, also a Tyrolean. The Commission was completed by a President, the Count Gardani of Mantua

“*I Piombi*, or *The Leads*, are the highest part of the ancient palace of the Doge, which is entirely covered with lead. In March, the heat came on. It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became. Placed to the south, under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St. Mark, likewise of lead, the refraction was terrific. I could scarcely breathe. I had no idea of a heat so overpowering. To this torment, in itself quite sufficient, were added such swarms of gnats, that, if I made the least movement and disturbed them, I was completely covered: the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, there is enough of suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.”—PELLICO: *Mie Prigioni*.

(an old friend of my house), and another judge, Tosetti; but these two did not take part in the examination. Salvotti was handsome in person, with black eyes, and black and thick hair; and he was elegantly dressed in a black coat and trousers of black silk.

The Vicentian was also a handsome and elegant young man. Salvotti was the principal interrogator. After the usual questions as to age, country, condition, &c., he asked me if I had never read Neapolitan journals, nor the Song, at that time famous, of Rossetti? * Who had given it to me? Had I communicated it to others? I replied boldly, that I had never seen any Neapolitan newspapers, though I had frequently read them. But I do not know how I had the weakness to acknowledge that Porro had brought to Zaita the song of Rossetti, and that I had read it to some persons at Mantua. I mentioned, however, as one of the persons, a friend of Austria, as a protecting shield to the others.

I knew afterwards that they were all called before the police. Some acknowledged the fact, others denied it: not one of them had to suffer any other inconvenience. On this occasion I ex-

* See Appendix.

perienced, for the first time, how painful it is to a truthful person to reply *no* when it ought to be *yes*, even to people who you know are plotting your ruin, and in spite of the evil consequences which one might expect from this *yes* to yourself and to others. When I denied having knowledge of a fact which was known to me, I felt myself growing pale, and accepted some snuff that the judges offered me, in order to have occasion to rub my face with my handkerchief, and thus to redden it by force. Salvotti insisted that I should confess to having sent the Song to Brescia, to the Ugonis; but I had not done so, and it was easy therefore for me to deny it. The "mutual instruction" was a field on which I had to sustain a long and hard battle. Salvotti wanted me to acknowledge having founded the school in Mantua with the design of obtaining the affections of the people, to make use of in future contingent revolutions. I did not agree to this, and in this instance it was not necessary to take snuff, because it was not the case.—"Do you like constitutional government?" asked Salvotti. "Yes," replied I. "But granted freely by princes?" "Certainly so." He asked me many other questions, but insignificant ones, and totally extraneous to Carbonarism.

The examination lasted more than four hours,

when Salvotti, rising suddenly, put an end to it with these words: "Pellico confided to you at Zaita that he was a Carbonaro: it was your duty to denounce him to the Government; you have not done so—therefore you are guilty of the crime of non-revelation."* These words shot like a flash of lightning into the recesses of my mind, and recalled to my memory the brief dialogue I had had at Zaita with Pellico on Carbonarism. To deny would have been easy, and is what a calm and experienced man would have done. But it never even crossed my mind to deny. I, on the contrary, exclaimed, with an accent of scorn: "How! denounce and betray my friend and guest! What laws are these? The most immoral in the world. Let me be condemned! Were I to find myself a thousand times in a similar case, a thousand times again and again should I act in the same way. Pellico, however, did not tell me that he was a Carbonaro, but that he intended, or that he thought it advisable, to become one. This is so true that I dissuaded him from it. Does one ever dissuade a man from committing an action which he has already done? Thus, even according to the law, I am not guilty. The law obliges subjects to denounce the Carbonari

* This crime is punished by *carcere duro* (hard labour) for life. (See Appendix.)

to the Government, but it does not go so far as to constrain them to divulge discourses on Carbonarism which they may happen to have heard, or the desire that a person might manifest to enter, or even that others should enter, the sect." I was so right that the judges could do no less than say my situation had been difficult and delicate. "In any case," added they, "it is necessary to obey the laws." They advised me, however, to keep up my courage : attenuating circumstances worked in my favour. Pellico himself had said that I had not accepted his proposals ; and thereupon they sent me back to prison.

It was fortunate that I had simply told the truth. The concordance of my deposition with that of Pellico had evidently proved my innocence.

God forbid that I should blame Pellico for having repeated to the Commission of Venice the few words on Carbonarism which had passed between us two at Zaita ! He, like myself and others, had not known how to resist that impulse which obliges one to tell the truth, come what may. I make also the following conjecture : it seems, in truth, that Pellico was a Carbonaro, or thought at least that he was one ; that Laderchi and Maroncelli, who had come from the Romagna, had affiliated him to the sect in the spring of 1820, although they had not

the power of doing so ; also that they had communicated by letter to their superiors the conquest they had made, asking them to legitimize their work ; that they had confided the letter to a tailor, a fellow-citizen of theirs, who was returning to his country ; and that the police, either by the treachery of the tailor, or by some other means, came into possession of the letter, which determined the arrest of Maroncelli, Laderchi, and Pellico. Pellico, after several months' imprisonment, annoyed by repeated and tormenting examinations, seeing proofs accumulating against him, dismayed by the threats of the judges if he obstinately kept silence, and flattered by their promises if he decided upon speaking, was probably induced to confess to having been received as a Carbonaro. The judges then probably observed to him that he had been to Zaita, soon after this event, and that he had remained there many days ; that, when they considered the spirit of proselytism proper to the sect, and the knowledge he had of the opinions of Arrivabene, it would be impossible for them not to believe that he had made him a Carbonaro as well as himself. Perhaps, also, they made him believe that they had indications, proofs even, and that it would be better for him to tell the entire truth. Pellico, placed in this difficulty, may

have replied : " So far am I from having made Arrivabene a Carbonaro, that, having confided to him, as a test of his opinions, that I wished to become one, he dissuaded me from it."*

The vent I had given to my just resentment, the nature of the accusation, and the impossibility the judges were under of proving the contrary of what I asserted, raised my drooping spirits ; and if it had not been for the fear that the Commission would scan and scrutinise the short political life I had lived in Milan, on the eve of the Piedmontese Revolution (and what would they not in such a case have done to one, if they did not hesitate to imprison

* It was not until 1841, after nineteen years of forced exile, that I was allowed again to see the land where I was born ; and it was only in 1843 that I could go to Turin. Following the dictates of my heart, my first steps were turned towards the dwelling of Silvio Pellico. It would have been of great interest to me to know the true motives of his arrest and condemnation ; above all, to know how he had been brought to repeat to the Commission of Venice the brief, rapid colloquy held by us at Zaita. But a sense of delicacy required that the initiative of the explanations should come from Pellico, and not from me, who had suffered through his fault. He, however, not doing so, I was silent ; I would not reopen grievous wounds scarcely healed—disturb a peace so necessary to one who had suffered so much. The reader will approve my conduct, and be satisfied with the hypothesis, which appears to agree with the facts.

me in consequence of the deposition of a single individual—a deposition which was rather an excuse than an accusation?)—had it not been for this fact, I repeat, I should have remained in prison with a tranquil mind, certain of leaving it soon triumphantly.

The moral agitation to which I had been a prey, from the moment in which they had arrested me to this hour, had reacted upon me physically.* I had a fever. The gaoler called in the doctor of the prison. He came and gave me, I know not what medicine. He was a man of about sixty years of age; he spoke with tears in his eyes of the Republic of Venice, blessing at the same time the name of the Emperor of Austria. He wore two large diamond rings: in short, he was one of those

* The agitation which overpowers a man accused of a political offence is well depicted by Pellico in the following lines:—

“Oh, the anxiety of a criminal process! how horrible are they for a man accused of a crime against the State! How great the fear of injuring others! How difficult to bear up against so many accusations, so many suspicions! How greatly is the probability of being compromised increased, if the proceedings are spun out, if new arrests take place, if fresh acts of imprudence are discovered, committed even by persons unknown to you, but who belong to the same party!”—PELLICO: *Mie Prigioni*.

men of whom the race is rapidly becoming extinct.*

On Tuesday morning, the gaoler entered my prison, followed by three persons. One of them came to me, and told me to follow him. "But where to?" "You will soon know." The two others took charge of my luggage. We all went out. The three new-comers and I entered a gondola: we passed through a great many canals. I had been once before to Venice, but only for a few days. In this labyrinth of canals, each similar to the other, I did not know where I was, nor could I conjecture where I was being taken to. At last we were out of Venice. He who had already spoken then told me that he was the gaoler of the prison of San Michele di Murano, and that he was taking me there. San Michele is a small island at a little distance from the larger island, on which is the village of Murano, celebrated for its glass-works. San Michele had been a convent, which the Austrians had converted into a state prison.

Crossing a court, I saw two prisoners at the window. One was singing a song on Italy and liberty; the other, holding himself by one hand

* This was Doctor Dosmo, mentioned by Silvio Pellico in his *Mie Prigioni*.

against the bars, exclaimed, "*Quand briserons-nous ces fers ?*" (When shall we break these chains ?)

I was conducted to the prison destined for me. To reach it, it was necessary to pass a small room in which slept two "*sbirri*" (turnkeys). My prison was a little room which had been once used as soldiers' quarters. The walls were partly chipped, partly covered with fantastic figures, and worse, drawn with coal ; the ground half-paved with tiles, half-unpaved. It had been reduced to this miserable condition the year before by a storm, which had destroyed many parts of the convent. The gaoler was forced, in this terrible emergency, to break the rules, and to place prisoners together, who ought not to have seen or spoken to each other ; and thus their trials were recommenced, and their captivity greatly prolonged. To return to the description of my room : it had two little windows without shutters ; large bars of wood performed the office of iron : they let in too little light in the day, and too much in the night. The window-frames were so bad that at the first shower the room became a lake. There were a bed, two chairs covered with straw, a press, a table, and a looking-glass. The view from the window at high-water was beautiful, including Murano, the *laguna*, and the mountains of the Trevisano. But at low tide the *laguna*, from a mirror of water, was

transformed into a vast fetid plain of mire, in which, plunged up to the waist, one saw moving slowly hither and thither persons half-naked, seeking for the so-called fruits of the sea.

I was terrified at the thought of passing the summer in this island. I should certainly fall ill there, and perhaps even die, I said to myself. However, I passed the summer and autumn in good health, which I attribute to the sober and regular life I was obliged to lead, and to having been used from infancy to breathe a similar air in my marshy country. I remained a month alone in this room, the only man, but with a numerous company of insects. I counted twenty-nine different species, all innocuous; amongst them scorpions, of which I had a horror and fear; however, I was never bitten by them. Almost every morning, some of them appeared on the walls. That which was awful to me was delightful to the gaoler, who would take the scorpions, and put them alive in little bottles of oil: according to his account, the oil impregnated with the essence of the bodies of these poor insects (I almost pitied them) was the best remedy for wounds. I was questioned a second time on the island itself, where the judges had assembled. Of the principal accusation no mention was made—only vague questions. Salvotti returned to the

Song of Rossetti. "To call the soldiers of his Majesty mercenary legions of slaves!" I replied that there might be some objectionable expressions in the Song, but that I had not composed it, and to have read it was no great crime.

I took this opportunity of saying to the judges that I was a man who, living in the country, was accustomed to the open air and to much exercise. Shut up between four walls, my health was failing me; it was hard to treat me thus for an imaginary crime. There was a garden on the island; would they permit me to walk in it?—The judges consented, limiting the walk to one hour a-day.

The garden was large. The first time I entered it, I wanted to go from one end to the other; but the gaoler stopped me and said he had orders to let me walk only in one part of it, and to remain always by my side. He was silent as to the motive of this prohibition, but I soon discovered it. The forbidden part of the garden was commanded by the windows of a prison, in which was some one whom I was not to see, and by whom I was not to be seen.

The exercise in the open air, although in so confined a space, and for so short a time, did me great good. A compact made with the gaoler gave an appearance of liberty to my steps; he remained

seated, and I was not to pass over a certain boundary, fixed by him. The condescension of the judges (a similar favour had never been accorded to any prisoner, and was, as was natural, the occasion of envy) raised my spirits and renewed my hopes. I said to myself: If they have yielded so soon to my prayer, it is because even they understand that it was a great injustice and a great mistake to arrest me. I was, in fact, assured by the judge Tosetti, that he and the President had been of opinion, that the sole deposition of Pellico, had it been even against me, whilst on the contrary it was favourable to me, would not have been a sufficient reason to determine my arrest; but the three other judges thought differently, and their opinion prevailed. One afternoon, whilst I was walking in the garden, there passed, close to the wall, a bark in which were two fishermen. One of them asked the other:

"Cosa xè quel signor che spaseza là solo soletto?"

"El sarà un Carbonaro."

"Che cosa xei sti Carbonari, che cosa volevoli far?"

"I voleva tirar zo l' Imperator."

("Who is that gentleman who walks alone there?")

"He must be a Carbonaro," replied the other.

"What are these Carbonari? what do they want to do?"

"They want to overthrow the Emperor.")

One day, Salvotti came to me, and, with the accent of a man who brings good news, told me that I should no longer be left alone, but that I should soon have a companion. This announcement, instead of consoling me, gave me pain.

I had sent for many of my books from home. During the day, I read, made extracts, and formed plans for works of my own; I wrote letters which were never to be sent, and put down on paper thoughts which were never to be communicated to any one.

I have still impressed on my mind, word for word, two fragments of these my prison compositions. I addressed myself to a youth distinguished for the precocity of his genius, and for whose instruction I had promised to provide:

"And thou, young man, thou," said I, "who didst amuse thyself with me in the days of my liberty, how wilt thou continue thy pilgrimage through life? Thou hast tasted in my house of the pleasures of wealth, and may Heaven grant they may not have injured thy heart! A mediocrity such as thine was at first—a mediocrity which knows no con-

dition, and has no pretensions — is perhaps that which renders man most happy. But to return to it, after having abandoned it, seems painful to us ; it seems to us as if we were humiliated, and that we should certainly be less happy than we were. But I, even from a prison, will reach thee, so that thou shalt accomplish thy course of study, that thou mayst be able to occupy an honourable position in society ; and, if it is fated that on this earth we are to meet no more, remember sometimes that an unhappy man wished thee well, and do thou shed a few tears to his memory ! ”

And to myself, to persuade my mind that I did not merit such misfortune, I said :

“ Compassion thou hast felt, as one feels the passions ; thou hast always loved thy fellow-men — hast never hated thine enemies ; nor dost thou hate them even now, although thou seest them insulting thee in thy calamity.”

In this manner my days passed rapidly, and not without delight. And at night, swinging myself upon a chair, and keeping my eyes fixed on the Church of Murano, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, I went over in thought what I had written in the day, and recited, not without shedding some tears, those parts which the heart rather than the mind had dictated : I extemporised some

verses on my present fate, and sang them to some old airs, or to a tune invented by me at the moment.

Boats frequently passed by, with country people in them returning from the city, who sang a certain monotonous but not disagreeable song—" *Che bel cappel Marianna, che bel cappel Marianna,*" &c. Sometimes there appeared in the distance a boat, from which came, borne on the waves to my ears, the sound of a sad but sweet and harmonious ballad. These were Bohemian gunners, who came on the *laguna* to sing the songs of their country. All this occasioned to my solitary heart soft and melancholy emotion. The presence of another would drive away all the enchantment of these happy evenings.

Whilst I was occupied one day with sorrowful thoughts, the door of the prison opened, and the gaoler entered, followed by a lively young man. "Here," said he, "is your companion; he will live in the next room to you, and the door will remain open." He was the Count Laderchi of Faenza.*

* The Count Laderchi belongs to an illustrious family of Faenza. His father had been prefect at Camerino, and afterwards at Ascoli, during Eugène Beauharnais' Vice-royalty. Count Laderchi, although very old and infirm, is still living at Ferrara, where he is much esteemed.

We soon began to relate to each other our adventures, and to hold consultations as to the mode of defending ourselves, and to calculate the probabilities, whether favourable or the contrary, for each of us. He maintained that it was impossible I should be declared guilty. I could not give him, in his case, the same encouragement. He had been, so to speak, left by the Papal Government to the Austrian, in order that the Commission of Venice might confront him with Professor Ressi. Laderchi had admitted, whilst in prison, where he had been sent after being arrested at Milan, that he had said to Professor Ressi, in the house of the latter, that he was a Carbonaro. The deposition of Laderchi was communicated by the Papal to the Austrian Government, which arrested Ressi, and made Laderchi come from Romagna to confront him. The interview took place. Laderchi repeated before the Commission, in the presence of Ressi, what he had said in the Romagna. Ressi complained, reproached Laderchi with his conduct, and the misfortune in which he had placed him. Laderchi, sorrowfully and with emotion, said to him, "You see I, too, am not upon a bed of roses." He returned from the examination in despair, weeping. Professor Ressi, being guilty of the crime of non-revelation, was condemned to fifteen years' *carcere*

duro. The Emperor remitted the punishment to five years; but there was One who remitted it still more. Ressi died in San Michele di Murano, before either the sentence or the commutation of the punishment had been communicated to him.

In the month of July, my brother Francesco came to visit me. The secretary, Rosmini, accompanied him. We all four descended into the garden (Laderchi had at that time obtained the favour of walking there). We brothers walked first, Rosmini and Laderchi some paces behind us. My brother said to me in a low voice, "They have arrested Scalvini." "For what reason?" "For a letter found at Mantua." The two behind us (perhaps Rosmini had noticed our subdued conversation) advanced so much that it was not possible for my brother to tell me more. These few words, however, were enough to banish from my poor heart the little serenity and peace which the hope of soon quitting prison had put in it.

I tortured my mind for a long time to discover what letter could have given occasion for such a severe measure. Scalvini, from time to time, inserted in his letters sarcasms against the Austrian Government, and I did as much in writing to him. But in them we had never planned any conspiracy, or even the shadow of one; and we sent our letters

openly by post. I thought and thought again, and remembered at last that in one written to me in 1819, from Milan, Scalvini had spoken in irreverent terms of the Emperor of Austria. "This," said I to myself, "is certainly the letter which has caused Scalvini's arrest." And I was right.

In 1819, the Emperor of Austria was expected to visit Milan. The Governor of Lombardy had commissioned Monti to write a *cantata* for this occasion. Scalvini and Monti saw each other often. Scalvini honoured Monti the poet, and loved the man, who, if he had many defects, had, nevertheless, the most excellent heart. Monti thought highly of the perspicacity and fine critical judgment of Scalvini. Scalvini went one day to Monti, who, in a tone of indignation, said to him, "Do you know, the Governor forces me to write a *cantata* for the arrival of the Emperor. They are making sport of me—they know well I do not love the Emperor!" In spite of this repugnance, Monti composed the *cantata*. In that fatal letter, Scalvini gave me an account of this.

No one except myself, to whom the letter was addressed, had ever seen it; and, if the police had not come to disturb it from the shelf on which, all dusty, it had lain for more than two years, it would be there still, ignored by all, and forgotten by our-

selves. Scalvini was kept in prison nine months in Milan; after which time the Tribunal having decided that the terms in which he had spoken of the Emperor were not a sufficient motive to establish criminal proceedings, he was taken back to Brescia, his native country, and set free, having previously been reprimanded by the President of the Tribunal.

Scalvini suffered much in prison. He fell seriously ill, and they were forced to transfer him to the infirmary, where he had for neighbours, side by side, assassins, and to nurse him also assassins. He had, however, reason to be satisfied with them. They had a great respect for him, showed him great deference, and took affectionate care of him. He took occasion, from this distressing and strange vicissitude, to study one side of mankind, of which he would have been otherwise always ignorant; and he had the opportunity of knowing that few men, or none perhaps, are ever so forsaken by Heaven as to be entirely disinherited of goodness of heart. His poor mother saw him in this place, in this miserable company!

Laderchi, seeing me one day plunged in profound sadness, came to console me, saying that my innocence was so manifest that there could

be no tribunal in the world that could condemn me. I confided to him then that I was not disturbed on account of the present process, but for the arrest of Scalvini, and for fear the Government should come to discover something to charge me with concerning the Piedmontese Revolution. "I have scarcely taken part in it," said I; "but I was at a conference at Pecchio's with several persons, and we held a conversation which, if known by the Government, might do harm." I had scarcely made this confidence to Laderchi than I repented it bitterly. I doubted at first whether, in the examination, he might not allow some words to escape him which would put the Commission on the traces of what I had done in Milan. I went then so far as to imagine that he might betray me voluntarily; that the Commission had placed him with me to discover the deepest secrets of my soul. All this castle of iniquity was a castle in the air. In a few days I recovered my serenity, in so far as my present situation allowed. At the end of July, Salvotti came to see me. I do not know from what motive he gave so much importance to the Song by Rossetti, but he insisted anew that I should acknowledge having spread it throughout Italy. I assured him it was not so, and he spoke no more of it.

I then brought my process on the scene, and told him that it appeared to me I had been unjustly arrested, and that, as well as my health, my affairs would suffer from this protracted imprisonment. "Well," said Salvotti, "make your request in writing to the Commission, in which you will ask to be set at liberty, declaring that in future you will conduct yourself in such a manner as not to cause the suspicions of the Government to fall upon you. That will help you."

To get out of prison, I do not know, within the limits of honesty, what I would not have written and promised. I drew up, therefore, the advised petition, and sent it to Salvotti. But the gates of the prison remained closed on me, nor was the petition a shield to preserve me from ulterior persecutions.

A short time before, various books had been sent to me from my house; among them, seven numbers of the *Revue Encyclopédique*. What a feast! I had not read either review or newspaper since I had been arrested; and this total separation from the affairs of the world was most grievous to me: I therefore devoured these numbers. Salvotti did not know the Review; he asked me to lend it him, and I gave it him willingly. "Some liberal ideas he may take from it, perhaps," said I to myself.

I was called anew before the Commission, which examined me for the last time, though it was more of a conversation than an examination. Salvotti, amongst other things, said to me: "You think, perhaps, that the Emperor does not know that princes are created for subjects, and not subjects for princes? He knows it as well as you. The Austrian Government is not an absolute Government. There are laws in Austria. No one, for instance, can be arrested without the evidence of at least two persons against him." "But I am an example of the non-observance of this protecting law of the liberty of citizens; I was arrested, although only Pellico had borne witness against me, or rather in my favour." "Ah! in your case there were circumstances We know well that you are not a Carbonaro, and THIS COMMISSION has nothing more to ask of you."

The manner in which Salvotti pronounced the two words, *this Commission*, and looked at me, made an impression on my mind, and raised in it sinister thoughts and presentiments. I reasoned thus: "There are, then, other Commissions; I escape from one misfortune to fall into another." And I reasoned well. The Government had instituted a Commission in Milan for the affairs of Piedmont. But I did not know it until I came out of prison.

Salvotti, on taking leave of me, said, "Prepare your defence. We shall soon go to the island to hear it."

I knew well that the Austrian civil law does not accord defenders to those accused of any crime whatever ; but, for the pleasure of mentioning what I thought (and think) to be an injustice, I said, "Have the goodness to choose and send me an advocate."

"The law," replied he, "does not allow advocates to the accused. We are your judges and defenders at one and the same time."

I drew up a brief defence, in which I dwelt especially on the concordance of Pellico's deposition with mine. I added, that Governments could not desire that citizens should be too ready to denounce ; by such a course, morality would lose more than justice would gain. A short peroration completed the address.

The judges came, read the defence, praised it, and went away.

August, September, and October passed, without any important events.

Laderchi and I studied all the morning, each in his own room. At dinner, in walking, and at night, we spoke of our studies, of our relations, and of our friends. When it rained, we walked in the corridors,

and met other prisoners. We were forbidden to stop and speak together ; but we greeted each other with signs of sympathy and interest. One day, the gaoler made us enter the cells of the novices. These were so low that a person of middle height could scarcely stand upright in them, and only as long and broad as one could stretch. Political prisoners had been confined eighteen months in these cells, without ever going out of them except to the examinations.

Count Beffa of Mantua came to see me ; he was accompanied by the German judge. He had been in the Italian army, and had attained whilst young to the rank of chef-de-battalion of artillery. He had frank and simple manners ; he spoke to me as to a free man, which made the judge stare and jump off his seat. I learnt from him the death of Napoleon.

The German judge united the office of accompanying the visitors to that of examining the letters that the prisoners wrote and received. Those which I received were sometimes more than half obliterated, and when I returned home I saw that those which I had written had met with the same fate. In one to my steward, they had suppressed this innocent phrase : "I recommend my affairs to you." (*Vi raccomando le cose mie.*) I feared the judge's

inexorable pen so much that I never dared write the name of one of my farms, called "*La Carbonara*," fearing that in hatred of this name he would withhold the letter.

November arrived; my room became every day worse. I begged the President, who came to visit me, to give me another. He placed at my disposal and that of Laderchi—the Commission not having to meet any more on the island—the apartments it had occupied. There were two, large and good, exposed to the south, without bars, with large glass windows, from which we had the view of a neighbouring little island, and of all Venice in the distance.

This act of condescension on the part of the President, his causing my books and furniture to be transported thither, and the change from a bad to a good lodging, were small incidents, but sufficient to produce the salutary effect of giving me a little cheerfulness and hope.

The prison was guarded inside by turnkeys—outside by soldiers. The first were always the same. The soldiers were changed every twenty-four hours. They came from Venice, disembarked on the island, drew up in a courtyard, and charged their guns. I always had an aversion to the turnkeys, so that, by contrast perhaps,

the presence of the soldiers almost gave me pleasure. Once I leant as far out of the window as I could to see them. The gaoler knew of it, and told me not to do so, because the sentinel might discharge his gun at me, such being their orders ; this had happened to a prisoner, and, according to what the gaoler said, he was nearly killed.

Each of these turnkeys served me by turns. One of these was a capricious man, and restrained the violence of his character with difficulty. When he had a holiday, he passed it at Venice in quarrels and disturbances. One day he complained of the rigour of the laws. "Now," said he, "if any one offends you, you cannot revenge yourself ; if you kill any one, or only wound him, they hang or send you to the galleys. Under the Republic, you killed your adversary, and, with a little protection or time, the matter was hushed up." Every morning, when he came into my room, he repeated, with an appearance at least of affection, this phrase, "Be of good cheer ; you will soon get out." (*"La se fassa animo ; la sortirà presto."*)

Another was a species of fop. Every time he went to the city, he asked my permission to put a little *eau de Cologne* on his pocket-handkerchief. The third was but a machine.

This last had kind manners. He seemed to

be fond of me. He conjured me to walk up and down my room for several hours every day, because he had observed that those prisoners who walked much rarely fell ill ; those, on the contrary, who remained seated or stretched on the bed, often did. The gaoler was a man of a violent nature ; this appeared in every action, and the pains he took to keep it within bounds were evident. He was, however, always courteous and respectful to me. He went every day to Venice, but he never left without coming to me and asking if I wanted anything. He had a daughter, a young girl of fifteen years of age, whom he never ceased praising ; indeed, he idolised her. He had also two sons, and was always thinking of their future life. The thought that they would have to pursue his own career was terrible to him ; and when one of them took a musket in hand, or swung a sabre, pretending to be a turnkey, he got into a fury. He sent them to school in Venice, and kept them as much as possible away from the island.

And yet, woe to him who said anything ill of his profession ! One day I was walking in the garden with him and the Doctor, and the latter spoke of my present condition. “ You are fortunate,” said he, patting the gaoler on the shoulder ; “ in spite of his profession, this is an honest man.” The

gaoler grew pale, bit his lips, but dared not say anything. Scarcely had the Doctor left than he hurled after him every sort of bad words and imprecations. The gaoler had a great devotion to Salvotti. *El xè un Dio por me.* ("He is a God for me," said he.) Another favourite saying of his was this: *Sin che ghe sarà dei Italiani in impiego no la podrà andar ben.* ("Whilst there are only Italians here, things cannot go well.") By Italians, he meant those employed by the ex-kingdom of Italy.

Every time I went down into the garden, the soldiers who were not on guard saluted me; I returned the salute, and smiled. The whole convent was surrounded by sentinels. There was one under the window of my room. When his expression inspired sympathy and confidence, I looked all round to see that no one was observing me, and showed him a loaf or a coin; if he made signs of acceptance (the unhappy understand each other easily), I threw down the one or the other. Not one of them ever refused my poor offering.

When I took possession of my new lodging, and, looking out of the window, saw the little island, I was far from imagining by whom it was inhabited. I was not slow in discovering that it was the last home of the Venetians—the cemetery

of the whole city. The arrival of a poor corpse was announced by the tolling of a bell. I could close my eyes so as not to see, but the first sounds of that melancholy bell I could not help hearing. Little by little, I accustomed myself to these sad sensations, and looked and listened voluntarily. About ten corpses a-day arrived—that is to say, about 3600 per annum. The population of Venice at that time was almost 100,000 inhabitants. This was a large tribute paid to nature, and at the same time a manifest proof of the miserable state to which the population of that once-flourishing city was reduced.

One day, Laderchi and I being ready to go down into the garden, the gaoler told us to wait an instant, as he was going to bring a third companion. Who could it be? Perhaps Pellico? perhaps Romagnosi? The door of the prison opened, and a young man of about twenty-five years of age came gaily towards us. He threw himself into Laderchi's arms. They held each other tightly clasped, for a long time in silence. Laderchi then said to me, "This is Maroncelli;" to Maroncelli, "This is Arrivabene." We descended into the garden. The gaoler told us we might walk in it wherever we liked now, as the prisoner, on whose account we had been forbidden to do so, was with us.

Besides walking, it had been conceded to Maroncelli to dine with us ; and he remained with us two hours after dinner. Any third person would have brought a little novelty, a little variety, into our prison life. Maroncelli brought, besides these, knowledge, cheerfulness, almost gaiety. Separated, we occupied ourselves each with his studies ; reunited, we spoke more of these, and of our future fate, than of our present misfortunes. Maroncelli had many sorrowful presentiments. "Some years of imprisonment await me for certain," he used to say ; nevertheless, he was the most cheerful of the three. Laderchi and I went often to fetch him to walk with us in the garden. His little room was a kind of wooden cage. We always found him covered with a blanket, intent on writing. He had no paper, and he wrote in most minute characters on the outside of letters which he had concealed, I know not how, from the vigilance of the gaoler.

On the 10th of December, 1821, we were all three walking in the garden, with the gaoler near us. A turnkey came to the gaoler, whispered something in his ear, and went away. The gaoler turned to me, and said, "The President is on the island, and asks for you." "What can it be?" "Good news, certainly," said my companions. And in

truth the news was excellent. "You have been pronounced innocent," said Count Gardani to me, with an accent of real joy; "you are free, and may leave the prison immediately." I remained for a moment astounded, bewildered: then I replied, "It is late" (it was two o'clock in the afternoon); "I have to settle accounts with the gaoler, and to make preparations for departure. I will remain here until to-morrow morning." Congratulations passed on the one side, thanks on the other; the Count went away, and I rejoined Maroncelli and Laderchi.

In the moment of surprise and silence following the words of the Count, I, with that rapidity of operation which is the marvellous attribute of human intelligence, had considered my situation and that of my companions. Seeing how indelicate it would have been to show an excessive impatience to separate myself from them, as if I had not been able to bear with moderation my good fortune, and how right, on the contrary, it was to devote some hours to consoling them, I resolved on staying till the morrow. When my companions heard that I was free, they showed me the greatest joy, and were touched when I told them that I should not leave them until the next day.

In honour of this happy event, the gaoler left

that evening the two prisoners and the free man together a little later than usual.

I went to bed, but the excess of joy produced the same effect as the excess of affliction : the night was sleepless, like the one which preceded my departure from Mantua. At length the day appeared. I embraced Laderchi and Maroncelli, and said to them, "These are not farewell embraces ; I am going direct to Salvotti to ask his permission to come and dine with you to-day." "Ah ! you will not obtain it." "I hope I shall"—and I went. The permission, scarcely asked, was given without any restriction whatever, and I was not to be accompanied by the German judge,—a favour which had, perhaps, never been granted to any one ; but in that prison I was, as it were, at home.*

* Modesty did not allow Count Arrivabene to dwell longer upon this incident of his life. Maroncelli, however, thus mentions his noble conduct on the occasion :—

"Arrivabene was arrested at his villa of Zaita, and we met at Venice in St. Michael's Island. I shall always remember this kind friend. That captivity was sweet, for it allowed us the material for writing and reading. Arrivabene witnessed my literary occupations, I his ; and this association of study became the means of my acquiring fresh knowledge. It would be difficult to find in this world a man purer, fonder of good actions, or more ready to sacrifice himself to others, than Arrivabene. Such is the opinion of Pellico, of Porro, of Confalonieri ; and such is mine.

I took a lodging in Venice, at the Hotel La Regina d'Inghilterra. The waiter asked me who I was, and from whence I came. "From the prison of San Michele di Murano," replied I; which amazed him. I visited a few persons, bought some books and other things for the two prisoners, and returned to San Michele. The joy we felt in seeing each other again can only be comprehended by those who have been in similar circumstances.

I had ordered the gaoler to prepare the best possible dinner to be obtained in the prison. The dinner was as cheerful as the situation of the two guests would allow.

It grew late, and we were forced to separate.

"Agriculture and Political Economy were the studies of which he was fondest, for his mind, essentially practical, was always occupied in finding out means by which the misfortunes of the poor could be alleviated. In some degree to attain this result, Arrivabene had established at Mantua a school of mutual instruction, on the same principle as that established by Confalonieri in Milan.

"Being found innocent, Arrivabene was restored to liberty. The incident I am going to relate, and which happened on that occasion, reveals the high qualities of his heart, and proves how happy he was when an opportunity presented itself of being useful to his fellow-creatures. If I mistake not, he was set free on the 17th December, 1821, at two o'clock in the afternoon. There was plenty of time

The embraces were longer and more affectionate than those of the morning. "Perhaps we shall see each other no more," we said one to another. And, in fact, I never saw Laderchi again. Soon after my departure, he was sent by the Austrians back to the Papal Government, which removed him to Ferrara, where his father was confined. The fate of Maroncelli is too well known for there to be any need for me to relate it here. I saw him twelve

to arrange his trunk, to dine at five o'clock, and then to pay visits or to go to the theatre—two things of which Arrivabene was extremely fond. 'No,' he said; 'I will pass the night in prison.' He spoke of night, although it was two o'clock in the afternoon. On the following day he left us. The noblest families of Venetia, to which he was related, the Princess Gonzaga, and the worthy President Gardani of Mantua, who had proclaimed his innocence, invited him to dinner, asking him to accept the invitation as a special favour. Arrivabene was grateful to all; but he said to President Gardani, 'You, sir, ought rather to grant *me* a favour.' Gardani at once replied, 'I can deny you nothing. What can I do to oblige you?' 'Let me return to my prison, for then I shall be enabled to carry the consolation of a free man to those who are still unhappy. I should like to dine at St. Michael's Island.'

"The excellent President felt how great was the desire of that noble soul, and granted the request. With what tears Arrivabene was received by us my heart remembers still, and no doubt has not been forgotten by him who is so quick in feeling and remembering all noble emotions."

years later in Paris, maimed, but not so changed in aspect as the sufferings he had undergone, and the years that had elapsed might have led me to expect.*

On returning from San Michele di Murano, I found at the inn Signor Tordorò, who had come on the part of the Countess Albrizzi, to invite me to a conversazione at her house. I knew this lady only by repute. The invitation was given to the man who had suffered unjustly. I went there, and found a numerous assembly of persons unknown to me. The Countess received me in the most friendly and courteous manner. She had heard that I had been to dine with my companions in

* The following allusion is made to Maroncelli by the sister of Andryane, in her Journal, under date February, 1832 :—

“A few days after, a man still young, yet so cruelly maimed that he could only support himself with the aid of crutches, presented himself at our house, saying that he was the bearer of news of my brother, the prisoner. At these words all the doors were open to him ; but what was our grief on hearing that he had been a captive with Silvio Pellico for nine years, and had recovered his liberty at the same time with him ! The unfortunate man had lost his right leg in consequence of the intolerable discipline of the prison.

“I will not attempt to describe here all the horrors of the recital of Maroncelli, neither the excess of their suffering, nor the pain it gave us.”

misfortune, and expressed her approbation. She did me the favour to show me by torchlight the bust of the Helen presented to her by Canova.* I left her with my heart filled with gratitude for such noble and delicate conduct.

* Thus Byron writes of Countess Albrizzi, and of the famous Canova's Helen which she possessed:—"The day after to-morrow (to-morrow being Christmas-day) the Carnival begins. I dine with the Countess Albrizzi and a party, and go to the Opera. On that day, the Phoenix, (not the Insurance Office, but) the theatre of that name, opens. I have got me a box there for the season, for two reasons, one of which is, that the music is remarkably good. The Countess Albrizzi, of whom I have made mention, is the De Staël of Venice, not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman, very polite to strangers, and, I believe, not at all dissolute, as most of the women are. She has written very well on the works of Canova, and also a volume of characters, besides other printed matter. She is of Corfu, but married a dead Venetian, that is, dead since he married.

"The Helen of Canova is, without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.

"In this beloved marble view,
 Above the works and thoughts of man,
 What nature *could*, but *would not*, do,
 And Beauty and Canova can!
 Beyond imagination's power,
 Beyond the bard's defeated art,
 With immortality, her dower,
 Behold the Helen of the heart!"

The following day I dined with the Princess Gonzaga. She was the wife of the Prince of that name, who, had it not been for the events related in history, would have been Duke of Mantua. She fled to Venice in 1796, and when the French came to Italy, had established herself there permanently. Although the Austrians possessed the State over which she ought to have reigned, she admired them passionately, and had a horror of the Liberals of every country, and of the Italian above all. She knowing me to be a Liberal, and suspecting me of being a Carbonaro, I leave it to the reader's imagination to guess whether she was prepossessed in my favour. However, a little adversity having touched me, her fellow-citizen, was enough with such a gentle soul as hers to induce her to become my friend. She overwhelmed me with kindness. She knew me very little before ; but she now, perhaps, became aware that certain objects, seen near, are not so monotonous or so frightful as they appear from a distance, seen through the mist of party spirit.

The third and last day of my stay in Venice I dined with Count Gardani. His nephew recited, to my great surprise, the hymn by Manzoni, "*Il Cinque Maggio*."* This was the first time that

* See Appendix.

I heard it. I remained silent, enjoying the impression which this noble and beautiful poem had made on me, when a person entered and said, "Do you know the news, Signori? Count Confalonieri, the Marchese Pallavicino, and Signor Castiglia, have been arrested in Milan."

These few words, which, perhaps, left the others just as they were before, made me grow pale, and entirely upset me. The imagination, with its prodigious fecundity, created phantoms of misfortune, which, alas! afterwards proved not to have been exaggerated.

On the morning of the fourth day, I left Venice, and arrived by night at Verona. I had scarcely descended from the coach, and taken a lodging at an inn, than a person, who was unknown to me, entered my room, and said,—

"I am the father of that young merchant who used to buy oxen of you; permit me to have the honour of taking you to Mantua in my carriage with my horses."

I made a little resistance, but at last accepted this courteous offer, and made the honest man as cheerful and contented as if I had granted him a great favour. So I made my entry into Mantua in the carriage of the cattle-merchant.

My relations, friends, and fellow-citizens gave

me a festive reception. For several days, visits succeeded each other without interruption. Men came of all parties, of all conditions. From the country my peasants came, and these without ceremony threw themselves into my arms. Whoever was unable to come to me begged me to go to him. I shall remember all my life with filial affection that poor Count Filippo Cocastelli did so. He was an Absolutist, I a Liberal; he most devout, I certainly held by him as a man of little religion. The misfortunes which had befallen me had caused this inequality to be dispelled—had vanquished him, and made him my friend. He threw his arms round my neck weeping, and received me with the tenderness of a father. Also the Austrian General, Mayer, wished to see me, and give me testimonies of affection. In small cities, men of various opinions, if they wish to live in society, are often obliged to come in contact. The honest ones soon recognise each other, be they Absolutists or Liberals; they are forced to esteem one another, and the passage from esteem to sympathy is short and easy. These kind and gay receptions did not, however, suffice to distract my mind from the sorrowful thoughts and gloomy presentiments by which it was occupied.

I visited during this time the delegate of the province of Mantua, Benzoni. He made demon-

strations of joy on seeing me again ; but they could not be very sincere, because we had no sympathy one for the other. Speaking of the recent arrests made in Milan, he—the friend at one time, a short time before the fellow-student and admirer, of Confalonieri—spoke bitter words against him, and on taking leave of me said, “The Austrian Government exacts from its subjects obedience—blind obedience.”

The tone, unusually severe, of Benzoni, gave me to understand that the Austrian Government was determined to use extreme rigour towards the Liberals. This made me uneasy, and put me on my guard.

I was desirous of going to Milan, to hear news of Scavini and of those who had been recently arrested, and in order to discover something of the projects of the Government ; but I delayed several days in setting out, not to excite suspicion.

I arrived at Milan in the beginning of January, 1822. I went immediately to see poor Countess Confalonieri. The first words she said to me were: “Arrivabene, fly from Italy!” Her advice was certainly wise, and was dictated by the affectionate interest she took in me ; but, perhaps, the main cause of it was her fear that those who had spoken with her husband of the Piedmontese

Revolution might be arrested, and by their depositions might aggravate his situation. This fear induced her to desire that such persons should be removed from danger. I, however, had not to fear either the weakness (had he been as weak as he was strong) of Confalonieri, nor mine, because I had only had with him a conversation by signs. The two others who had been arrested (Pallavicino and Castiglia) I did not know. I did not follow, therefore, the advice of the Countess Confalonieri, not thinking the peril imminent for me.

Great receptions were given me also in Milan. Here, persons who had never seen me, or who scarcely knew me, wanted to see me and to make my acquaintance. Amongst these I remember, with the tenderness of a son, the Counsellor Marliari. He was old and dying; but his heart was young and full of life. Another I mention with mixed feelings of reverence and affection. I was walking in the Corsia dei Servi; on the other side passed Ermete Visconti,* with another person. They crossed the

* Ermete Visconti was born at Milan in 1784. He finished his studies at the University of Pavia. He had gone through all the classes—mathematics, law, medicine—not knowing what career he should take up.

During the Kingdom of Italy, he was one of the officers of the *garde d'honneur*. Later, he was named auditor at the *Conseil d'Etat*.

street, and came to me. Visconti congratulated me on seeing me at liberty, and then presented his companion. It was Manzoni.* There lived at

After the fall of the Kingdom of Italy, he gave himself up to study, especially to that of philology. To the faculty of philosophical analysis, he united a love of the beautiful, both in literature and art.

He commenced the study of German metaphysics, which he resolved to pursue at its fountain-head, in the teaching and conversation of Fichte, Schelling, &c.

At a certain period, he was in the *Conciliatore di Milano*, and a pleasing writer of the romantic school. Manzoni, in his well-known letter to Fauriel, cites one of the dialogues of Visconti, and praises it; it is on the unities of time and place in the drama. Visconti was thought to be a sceptic; he became a believer.

His conversion took place in 1827, at forty-three years of age. On the eve of it, he had been reading Benjamin Constant. He arose, to enter the bosom of the Church. He acted upon what he felt.

From that moment he became a pious and fervent Catholic. The love of God, shown in the love of one's neighbour, fed continually by prayer, by meditation, by religious practices, and by a scrupulous watchfulness over the conversation and senses—such was the rule of his life.

He published successively his *Philosophical Essays*, *Ideological Reflections on the Grammatical Language of Civilised Nations*, *Essays on some Questions concerning the Beautiful*, and several other less important works. In the latter part of his life, Visconti was writing *Christian Politics*; in the midst of this work he died, in January, 1841.

* It is hardly necessary to say who Manzoni is. His romance of the *Promessi Sposi*, his tragedies of the *Car-*

Milan a fellow-citizen of mine with whom I had been bound in friendship from my first youth. He was Absolutist, rather than not; but he had a kindly soul, open to noble sentiments.

magnola and the *Adelchi*, and his Ode of the 5th May on the death of Napoleon, are translated into all the languages of Europe, and have borne his reputation to every part of the civilised world.

But, if the author is generally known, the man is not.

In his first youth, Manzoni was what is called an *esprit fort*; he did not remain long so. It is related of him that, being in Paris, he passed one day by chance before the church of Saint-Roch. Religious music, sweet and melodious, fell upon his ear. He entered the temple; he left it moved to the heart—a Catholic, a fervent Catholic.

But the religious sentiment did not stifle in him either the love of country or the love of liberty. These affections are spread all through his writings, and have penetrated to the hearts of the youth of Italy.

When literature, in a country subject to foreign domination, but devoted to the worship of national tradition, treats almost exclusively upon patriotic subjects, the foreign sovereign must be on his guard. A dark spot has appeared on the horizon, and this spot betokens the approaching storm.

Manzoni has arrived at an advanced age; his health is nevertheless good, and his intellectual faculties have lost nothing of their first vigour.

Milan, his native town and his habitual residence, is proud of its illustrious citizen. Manzoni latterly was attacked by a malady which threatened his life. Every day the people in numbers went to his house to hear how he was.

“Do you know,” said I to him, “that I am afraid of being arrested a second time? I am going to Mantua; if they imprison any Liberal here, let me know at once; write to your brother, praying him to give me notice immediately.”

Towards the end of February, Scalvini left prison,

The modesty of Manzoni is only equal to the nobleness of his character, the elevation of his talent. He has constantly refused the honours offered to him by foreign sovereigns, and it was only because he could not avoid it that he accepted those recently offered to him by Victor Emmanuel, the judicious interpreter of the national wishes.

This first truly Italian king has raised Manzoni to the dignity of Senator, and named him President for life of the Institute, with a pension of 12,000 francs.

When Manzoni appeared for the first time in the Senate, and took the oath, a respectful curiosity was evinced among the Senators and the numerous public in the tribunes.

Manzoni has had the happiness to live long enough to assist at the regeneration of his country—a regeneration to which he himself has largely contributed. May Heaven grant that, before closing his eyes, he may yet see it free, independent, and complete mistress of its destiny—that land which he has so fondly loved, and of which he is one of the noblest illustrations! *Erme Visconti*, who is named in the preceding note, was the intimate friend of Manzoni. He also, as we have said, was at first an *esprit fort*; he also entered suddenly into the bosom of the Catholic Church. But he did not know, as Manzoni, how to keep within the limits of moderation, and his religion approached to intolerance, almost to fanaticism.

and came to Brescia. I went to him. The first thing he said to me was, "We must leave our country; here it is not safe for us. In Milan they are preparing new State prisons; and, from what I have been able to discover, they will not be slow in filling them. It is absolutely necessary that we should leave Italy." I had not the heart to take such an extreme resolution then, in spite of a fact, which proved how much the Government kept its eyes upon me. I wanted to go from Brescia to Verona, and could not obtain permission; I was compelled to return to Mantua, and from thence to go to Verona. I passed some days in great suspense; at night, before approaching my house, I used to send a friend before me, to see if there were any gendarmes surrounding it. But afterwards I became more reassured.

At the beginning of April, I went to establish myself at Zaita, to delight myself (for the last time) with my dear paternal fields. I had brought with me from Venice some Turkish grain which I had cultivated and gathered in the garden of San Michele. I sowed it in those fields,—but others gathered it.

On Easter-day, I made an excursion to Parma to visit my nephew Opprandino, who was there at college. I returned to Mantua on the second

festival. At night, I went into a café. The brother of my friend who lived at Milan, whom I had requested to warn me, was there.

“Oh, Arrivabene!” he exclaimed, “I was on the point of seeking for you. See what my brother tells me! Read this letter! It contains the news of the arrest of Mompiani and of Borsieri.”

CHAPTER IV.

FLIGHT INTO SWITZERLAND.

ON reading this letter, the blood mounted to my head, my heart beat violently, and I said to myself, "To-morrow thou shalt be far from hence."

I went to the theatre. My box was crowded with happy and cheerful friends; yet I, with anguish in my heart, stood between life and death, and, at the best, could only pass from my country into exile, from riches to poverty. Amongst the people I saw a trusty friend, and called him on one side. "To-morrow," said I, "I shall be forced to fly; I have no money. We must find X——; he will lend me some." My friend saw and spoke to him, told him that on the following morning, at an early hour, I had to conclude an affair for which I had need of eighteen or twenty thousand francs,—that he must give them me that very night. I do not know what X—— thought of such a strange

demand. He left the theatre and went towards his house : we followed him. He opened a desk, took out eighteen thousand francs in gold, and gave them to me. I gave him a receipt, in which I promised to restore them within eight or ten days. He returned to the theatre, and my friend and I went sadly and silently towards my house, where, sadly and silently, we separated. I told Giuseppe that I should start with him the following morning by daybreak, and that we should be absent eight days; and I gave him orders to prepare the necessary things.

I passed the night in burning papers and writing letters. I executed a power of attorney for the person to whom I intrusted the difficult arrangement of my numerous and complicated affairs,—I, who was compelled without preparation to abandon them.

Morning soon appeared. I opened the windows. An old domestic, who was in my house, and was more than seventy years old—a master rather than a servant, who used every morning to bring me my coffee—had already risen. “How! you up at this hour?” “Shall I bring you your coffee?” “No, thank you; I am going into the country for a few days. Good bye—*a riverdici!*” . . . I never saw him again. He died only two years ago, more than

ninety years of age. It was a great and grievous struggle, that of tearing myself away from my home. I am not ashamed to confess it; I kissed its walls repeatedly, weeping. When I entered the carriage, I told the coachman to take the road to Brescia, and to drive as fast as possible. Whilst on the way, I thought it was perhaps hardly delicate to keep all the money given me the night before with such good faith by the person indicated above. I possessed two large farms, on which were eighty labouring oxen, with other cattle, corn, &c. I had left a letter for my agent, in which I gave him orders to sell oxen, grain, and all that should be necessary to make up the sum which I owed. But the measure was altogether a revolutionary one; it might not be possible in the short space of eight days to realise the sum, and the least delay in the restitution of the money would have been a stain on my honour, and might have harmed him who, with so much good faith and disinterestedness, had lent it to me.

I halted, therefore, at a village not far distant from Mantua, where I gave to a confidential person 14,000 fr., to be immediately restored; which was done.

There was also in this village a friend, who, when I confided to him what I was about to

do, proposed to accompany me to Brescia, and to help me. I willingly allowed him to fulfil this courteous offer. However imprudent and incautious I had been at first, I had now grown careful and guarded. Along that part of the road which I traversed alone, it seemed to me as if every one who looked in my face wanted to read the emotions of my soul; so I leant back in a corner of the carriage, and only raised myself occasionally to say to the coachman, "Drive fast!" The company of my friend raised my spirits, and gave to my flight somewhat the air of a journey of pleasure. The poor horses only rested once: under a pouring rain, in less than six hours, they took me to the neighbourhood of Brescia; the distance is about forty miles. We considered it prudent not to enter Brescia in my carriage, and so left it at the villa of a mutual friend, whence, having hired a fly, we went straight to Scalvini's house at Brescia.

He, seeing us arrive so unprepared and agitated, guessed at once what had been the motive which had brought us to him. We all agreed that there was no doubt that we must leave Italy, and that the sooner the better. Scalvini informed his mother of the peril in which he found himself, and that he could escape it only by going away

from her. At this announcement she was terrified at first; she had but one son, and it was dreadful to separate from him—perhaps for ever! But she lovingly and piously said, “If you are in peril, I shall certainly not keep you here.” Scalvini and I arranged to depart the following morning.

In the meantime, the person who had come with me to Brescia had been to Camillo Ugoni to announce my arrival, and to communicate to him the determination which we had made, to show him that he also was in danger, and to persuade him to go with us. Camillo Ugoni did not yield to his entreaties, nor to those which we afterwards made to him ourselves; so we took leave of him, feeling sure that he would remain at Brescia. But, late at night, just as Scalvini, his mother, and I, after having talked over our position to each other, were about to go to bed, we heard in the street under the window, and not without much agitation, a voice crying loudly, “Scalvini! Scalvini!” It was Camillo Ugoni, who came to announce that, after more mature consideration, he had decided to become our companion.

It was arranged that he should leave at day-break, taking with him my servant, the carriage, and the luggage, and that we should meet at Concesio, in Zola’s house.

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woman, he destroyed himself at Lugumo), and my finding myself free, at the foot of the mountains which led to a place of safety, and of which they were the images, made me cheerful, and I felt that I should escape.

But there was an obstacle of which we had not thought before. The passports with which we were furnished were only valid for the interior of the kingdom. I told Zola of this mischance. "That is nothing," said he; "leave me to manage; in less than half an hour I will make your passports available for abroad." He was a good doctor, and knew chemistry well; besides this, he was exceedingly ingenious, a man of invention, one of those who never abandon an undertaking if they are not quite convinced that it is impossible. He went to the apothecary's shop, and with I know not what fluid he obliterated the names of the cities and persons, in whose stead he substituted others, and we were provided with passports for Switzerland. Ugoni only was now wanting to enable the fugitives to begin their journey.

It struck nine o'clock—ten—eleven. Ugoni did not appear. My heart beat spasmodically. I went out into the street to see if he were coming. At length, towards mid-day, he arrived with Giuseppe and the luggage. The delay had

not been his fault. A horse had fallen ill, and he had had to lose time in procuring another. As Ugoni had arrived, I insisted on leaving immediately; but neither he nor Zola paid any attention to my words, thinking little of the danger. Ugoni, too, had not eaten anything; so Zola, instead of going to the stable to order the horses to be got ready, went into the kitchen to order the "polenta." We did not leave till towards three o'clock in the afternoon. Zola insisted on accompanying us.

We arrived by sunset at a village, and went to the house of some friends of Zola and Scalvini. We told them of our situation and our projects. "Do not fear," said they, "we will take you in safety." They ordered a good supper and some mules to be got ready. When we were about to start, one of them, taking me apart, said to me, "In these cases it is useful to have plenty of money with one." And he offered me a belt full of gold. It was no use to tell him that I had enough; he insisted, saying that he could have it returned to him in better times. I compromised matters with him at last. I accepted the belt emptied of his money, and tied it round my body filled with my own.

To this proof of generosity he soon added

another. We saw before the door of the house five mules standing. "But we are only four," we said; "Zola goes no further." "We shall be five," said he, "because I am going with you." Thus at nightfall we departed, led by this generous man.

The village is at the foot of a high mountain called the Colma, which divides it from a valley into which we had to descend. The road, or, more correctly, the path, was very rough, and the night dark; but for this last inconvenience our friend had provided, causing to walk before us men carrying lighted branches of pine-wood in their hands; and for the perils of the road the mules sufficed, being so experienced and prudent that they would have reassured Don Abbondio himself. Arrived at midnight at the top of the mountain, we went to a house that had a sign-post; it was an inn. It did not enjoy a good reputation in the country; and, in truth, its position, remote from all human habitation, and the fierce aspect and herculean frame of the host, might well excite anxious thoughts in the mind of a solitary passenger. But we had nothing to fear. The host could ill dissemble his surprise at seeing such a numerous company arrive at such an hour, and guided by such a man.

He made great demonstrations of devotion and respect, and turned the house upside down to

accommodate us in the best manner possible. We took a little food, and threw ourselves dressed on the beds. At break of day we descended the mountain, and were conducted by our companion to the house of his friends, where we were received with open arms. He wanted to accompany us still further, even beyond the frontiers; but, after a long battle, we persuaded him to give up an enterprise which, if protracted further, might have been the occasion of misfortune to him who remained in Italy, without being necessary for our safety. We parted from him with much emotion, and with demonstrations more easily imagined than told. I never saw a man in whom goodness of heart was more expressed in the face than in his; he had an angelic countenance.

We remained a few hours in the house of our new hosts; but we wished to arrive that night at Edolo, and we were yet a long way off. They procured for us the only carriage which was to be found for many miles round; and, giving us a letter to a friend of theirs living at Edolo, bade us farewell. No remarkable incident occurred along the road. We met two gendarmes, who, as was natural, did not stop us; but to me it seemed very fortunate. At eleven at night, under the thickest darkness, and with dreadful weather, we

arrived at Edolo. We stopped at an inn where the person lodged for whom we had the letter. He was in bed, and the innkeeper went to awaken him. He appeared for an instant on the landing of the staircase, and said, "Speak to the host—he will do all that you desire," and then vanished, apparently afraid of compromising himself by taking a direct part in our flight. We asked him to let us have by daybreak horses and guides to conduct us to Poschiavo, in the canton of the Grisons. He said that they should be ready. Whilst they were preparing the beds, he led us into a room where there was a fire, and before which were spread out on chairs several uniforms. "What is this?" we asked him. "To-night," he replied, "some gendarmes arrived, wet through: before going to bed, they put their uniforms before the fire, so as to find them dry to-morrow morning; they also are going to start early." The three fugitives, hearing these words, held a council, and unanimously agreed that it was necessary to hasten away from this ill-omened inn, and from Edolo, immediately, and to continue their journey. Were these gendarmes for us, or for others? We called the innkeeper, and told him that we had altered our plans, and wished to depart directly. He made no difficulties, and showed no surprise. He was

an intelligent man, and probably guessed who we were. Though he might have availed himself of our situation to extort as much money as he pleased, he made us pay only a most moderate fare for the horses. He inspired me with so much confidence that I left my portmanteau, containing 500 francs in silver, in his charge, to be sent to me at Poschiavo; and the portmanteau arrived safely.

In less than half an hour, guides and horses were ready. It poured with rain. I had preferred commencing the journey on foot; but it was with difficulty, on account of the slipperiness of the path, that I kept my feet. One guide—he must have been a smuggler—supported me. His aspect was forbidding, his clothes ragged. He repeated to me several times (because he had certainly understood that we were fugitives, and that I doubted him), “Do not doubt me; I am badly dressed, but I am an honest man.”

We were on the road towards Tirano, a large town of Valtellina, on the frontiers of the Grisons. We were obliged to pass a high mountain, called the Zapei della Briga. On such a night, and in darkness, we were obliged to ascend this mountain; but the danger arose not so much from this as from a station of gendarmes placed at the top, which

we could in no way avoid. We arrived at this perilous point by daylight. The gendarmes lodged in a little house a few paces distant from the pathway; the door was open, but no one appeared. We began to descend the mountain, at the foot of which lies Tirano. Having accomplished about half the descent, we halted, and held council with the guides, who had already become our friends and confidants. The point discussed was this: Would it be well to take the high-road, traverse Tirano, and pass the frontiers in sight of the Custom House officers; or to take a by-path? The guides observed that the officers were not accustomed to stop passengers, and ask for their passports: persons they did not regard; they kept their eyes open only for goods, especially now that there was a fair at Poschiavo, when they would have enough to do if they took it into their heads to stop every one who passed. But, in any case, if they did stop us, and ask who we were, we could reply that we were cattle-dealers who were going to the fair at Poschiavo. If we took the by-path, the officers from their post could see us pass, and might suspect us; or some of them might be lying in ambush, which they often were, in order to surprise smugglers. "A little lower down the road, not far from hence," said the guides, "lives a friend of ours, who

knows the country better than we do : if you think proper, we can go and hear his opinion ; ” and so we did. The friend of these good people was a wealthy mountaineer, a certain Giovanni, a handsome and intelligent young man, and a kind soul. He soon understood our position, and took a lively interest in us. “ Do not be afraid,” he said ; “ go on ; I will go with you. But, not to attract too much attention, it will be well if we leave two out of the three horses below.”

We set out on our way : Scalvini and I on the one sole horse ; Ugoni, Giuseppe, and the others on foot. We went through Tirano at a pace neither slow nor rapid, as men who are not in particular haste. We arrived at the fatal point—the last perilous step. Our ruin or our salvation might depend on the inspiration of an official. We passed before the station of the Custom House officers. None of them were there, but some were walking about at a little distance. The guides had remained on purpose 200 paces behind us, because they had thought that the officers would be more likely to question them than us. By these means they could easily keep them engaged in conversation, and we should in the meantime have passed the frontiers. And so it turned out. Two officers left the others, and

we saw them coming towards us. Scalvini and I set spurs to the horse, Ugoni and Giuseppe quickened their pace, and the post which separates the Austrian from the Swiss dominions was behind us: our foot trod on free ground; we were safe; we had escaped an imminent peril. God be praised!

The guides soon rejoined us, and, all full of emotion, we threw ourselves into each other's arms. These poor, honest persons had been our preservers. We went all together to Poschiavo, including Giovanni, who the following morning came to take leave whilst we were in bed, and parted from us weeping.

I know not whether my exile, now of more than sixteen years' date, will ever have a termination, or whether it will last my life.* But, if it should ever be conceded to me to place my foot again on my native land, I will retrace, if I am able, my steps when a fugitive, and I will go in search (to bless some, to bless and reward others) of those who, rich or poor, educated or ignorant, contributed with all their strength of heart and mind to my deliverance.

* The reader will remember that this was written in 1838, when no hopes could be entertained of seeing Lombardy free.—*Author's Note.*

Oh, what joy, what delight, must not those have experienced who came to the knowledge of the destiny from which they saved me !

We remained a day at Poschiavo, to repose ourselves a little after the anxiety we had suffered, the fatigues we had endured, and to think whither we should turn our steps. In 1819, Ugoni and I had spent some time at Geneva. In that city lived Rossi, Sismondi, Bonstetten, and other learned and good men known to us. We decided that the best thing for us was to go to Geneva, and take counsel of those friends.

We passed that part of Switzerland which separates the canton of the Grisons from that of Geneva, without any difficulty whatever. Rossi, Sismondi, and Bonstetten, took a lively interest in our situation.

Bonstetten, old in years, was youthful in mind, of a cheerful and playful spirit. Ugoni and I had been recommended to him the first time we were in Geneva, by Monsignor de Breme. When he read that Ugoni was a Brescian, he pretended to be afraid of him, and lifted up his coat to see that he had not under it the *pistore scavez*.* Then he told us the following anecdote, which he

* A sort of blunderbuss used in former times by the Brescian peasants.—*Translator's Note.*

said had happened to him in Brescia, forty-five years before. "I was in a café, drinking some lemonade, when I felt some one behind me put something on my shoulder, and say to me, 'With permission!' and an instant after there was a report; it was a gentleman who had shot at another, and had killed him, using my shoulder as a resting-place for his gun." In 1822 came my turn. When he saw me enter his room, "Ah!" exclaimed he, "I just expected you;" and, coming behind my shoulders, he took my head in his two hands, and, shaking it, said: "*Elle tient encore.*"

Bonstetten and the other friends were all unanimously of opinion that we could not remain long at Geneva. Many of the proscribed French and Italians congregated in that city, and the Government often made a clearance of them.

Better for us to go to France or to England. But the trouble lay in the passports. Those metamorphosed by Zola were not fit to sustain the examination of the French police. Sismondi thought that the English Minister residing at Berne might, if he liked, put an end to our embarrassments. "I do not know him," he said, "but I am entitled to give you a letter of recommendation to him:" such title being the celebrity of his name, and his having married an Englishwoman. Sismondi there-

upon wrote a dignified and warm letter to the English Minister.

"These friends of mine," said he, "are escaping from the persecutions of despotism. You are the representative of a free people. On whom does it fall more than on you to defend and protect men who have become wanderers, and lost all that renders life dear, for having wished to make their country free and independent? They desire to go to France or to England, where they hope to find the hospitality, the peace, which they seek here in vain: they have no passports; I recommend them to you, to the generosity, to the nobility, of the English character, that they may obtain that which they desire, and which is necessary to them."

We remained six or seven days at Geneva, and were about to go to Berne, when the police summoned us, and told us to depart. We scornfully replied, that we knew well that no hospitality was to be looked for in Geneva; that we had already intended to turn our backs on it; and that we should be gone immediately.

Sismondi, during our stay at Geneva, suspended his literary labours, and devoted his time to us, to cheer and console our spirits.

When we arrived at Berne, Ugoni went to the

English Minister, and presented Sismondi's letter. The Minister refused the passports.

What was to be done? "Let us go to the island of St. Pierre, Rousseau's island," said one of us; "we will rest there some days, and then form some plan."

And so we became the solitary visitors of the island. The long, beautiful avenue of poplars which leads to the only house of the place, the house, the farmer, the flocks, the dogs, the ancient oak-tree, the tranquillity of the spot, are still in my mind. We stayed twelve days on the island.

We went then to Yverdun, to endeavour to obtain passports. By good fortune, we found there an acquaintance of Ugoni's, the advocate Prati, a Tyrolese. He was said to entertain extreme political opinions. Whether this were so or not, I do not know; but what I do know is, that he exercised great influence over persons of high position, and that his recommendations were most useful. He conducted us himself to St. Croix, a commune independent in certain acts of any other canton, and having the right to grant passports. Prati obtained them for us at once. Passports of this nature, however, were not available except in the cantons. Prati had procured them only as stepping-stones to the next.

Scalvini and I (Ugoni then separated from us) went, according to Prati's advice, to Arau, furnished with letters to the Catholic rector of that city, and to the Director-general of the Police of the canton. "Ah, M. Prati!" he exclaimed when he had read the letter, "you shall have the passports." He gave them to us the following day, for France and for England.

But even these passports, though of more use than the others, could not give us entire confidence; on no account would we change our names nor our country, so that passports granted by Swiss authorities to Austrian subjects could not but excite suspicion. It was our wish to go to Paris. We were, however, advised, before venturing to traverse so great a part of France, to stop at some city on the frontiers for some time, and then to pursue our way. I remembered then that, in 1819, I had travelled some days in Switzerland with three Strasbourgers, Doctor Hermans, his wife, and a Monsieur Koop. This circumstance determined me to choose Strasbourg for our first residence in France. I thought that these acquaintances would be useful to us; and I thought rightly. At Basle, in order to escape the impediments which we might have met with on the frontiers of France, we hired a boat, and went down the Rhine in it as

far as Strasbourg. It was a bad choice, so far as the comfort and pleasure of the voyage were concerned. The boat barely held us three and the two boatmen ; exposed to the burning sun of July, we were roasted. We had agreed with the boatmen that they should take us to Strasbourg in one day ; but they did not keep the contract. Towards evening they left the river, and entered certain canals to the right of it, where they disembarked at a village in the duchy of Baden, their usual residence. We were obliged to pass the night there, and arrived at Strasbourg only the following morning. Scavini and I entered the city unobserved, and went to the best inn, the "Saint Esprit." Sunburnt in the face, dirty, without any servants, without luggage, we were ill-received, and had a bad room given to us. I asked for another, and told them that in a few moments our servant would arrive with our things. They paid no attention. Then I drew out of the belt of skin, the gift of the good —— (thirty or forty doubloons of Genoa), and asked the waiter how many francs they would give in exchange for those gold pieces in Strasbourg. He went out, returned with an answer, and with a face different from the first, and took us to a better room. At length Giuseppe arrived with the luggage (he had met with obstacles in the city, but

had surmounted them), and little by little the doubt of the host was changed into confidence, in token of which he lent us a carriage, in which we subsequently made our entry into Paris.

I went to find out my acquaintances, discovered them, and confided to them our situation and our wants. I found them courteous, and greatly disposed to be of service to us.

“With the passports which you have,” they said, “it is impossible to get to Paris. Remain here one month, at the end of which we will present you to the Mayor, and testify as to your being persons known to us, and honest; and he will grant you passports with which you may at once proceed securely on your way to Paris.”

We followed the advice of this good man, and our end was attained. We arrived in Paris towards the 10th of August, 1822. The wonders of that great metropolis, the novelty and variety of the objects which strike the eye, distracted my mind at first from the consideration of my present lot, and from endeavouring to raise the veil which covered my future destinies. These were not long in presenting themselves before me in dark and threatening guise.

It was the end of August. I went to Galignani's news-room, together with Scalvini. He re-

mained in the first room ; I went into the second. I took up the *Gazetta di Milano* and read the act of accusation of the crime of high treason, directed by the Commission of Milan against me and eight other rebels—the notice to appear within sixty days before them, on pain of sequestration of my possessions, if I did not present myself within the prescribed term.

I ran to Scalvini. “What means this paleness on your face?” said he to me. Without opening my lips, I held out to him the *Gazetta di Milano*.

As soon I had recovered from the consternation which this announcement occasioned me—from the despair into which I had fallen—I turned my mind to considering how I should save my property from the threatened sequestration, which might become a confiscation.

I had need, above all, of guidance and advice. In Italy, I had always looked upon France as the classic ground of liberty. The names of her most eminent Liberals were familiar to me, and I believed the lovers of liberty, of every country, to be the friends of the oppressed, if they were oppressed, or likely to be tyrannised over, there existed fraternity and union.

I was not long in finding out that, with some honourable exceptions, it is not so.

I went straight to M. Dupin, with the confidence with which one has recourse to a friend. He was not in Paris. I was then advised to apply to the advocate Teste. He had been proscribed in 1815 by the Bourbon Government, after the second Restoration, and had saved himself by hiding in the house of some friends. In 1822, the proscription of Teste was nominal, he lived in Paris unmolested. He received me with open arms. "We may reckon on four months," said he, "before the issue of a second citation, with another sixty days; and, in less than three months, I hold myself sure of placing all that you possess in Italy in safety." He was exceedingly occupied, yet he gave gratuitously much thought to my affairs, and devoted much time to them. In the prescribed term, all my possessions had passed legally into friendly hands, and would have remained there if violence had not been done to the laws. The noble conduct of Teste did not stop here. Fearing that I might find myself in want of money, he opened an account for me at his banker's, of which I had never to avail myself, but which he never withdrew. Fortune showed herself every hour more smiling to M. Teste; but I doubt if he ever experienced emotions more lively and more pure than those which filled his soul when he was

labouring for my benefit. May he not be offended that I here reveal the secrets of his generosity! may he consider that, equally with debts of money, it is honest and imperative to pay those of gratitude; and that, if bad examples are mischievous, good ones are fruitful of results advantageous to humanity!*

In the second citation, the crime of high treason, so far as it concerned me, was described in the following manner:—"Having taken part in a plot in which it was decided that the National Guards and the Provisional Government, to both of which he would belong, should be ready at the

* When the Minister Teste was accused before the Chamber of Peers, in France of having accepted 100,000 francs, for favouring the interests of an individual to the damage of the State, I said to myself: "How is it possible that he who acted towards me with so much delicacy, disinterestedness, and generosity, should have fallen into such a fault?" A debt of gratitude imposed on me the obligation of letting the public know his conduct towards me. I therefore went to the Marquis de Romigny, then Minister of France to the King of the Belgians, told him the facts, and asked him if it seemed to him right that I should give them the greatest publicity possible by means of the French journals. The Marquis thought it better that I should communicate the fact to the Grand Chancellor,—and I did so. My declaration was sent to its destination, and arrived there at the very moment in which Teste was confessing himself guilty.—*Author's Note, written in 1860.*

moment of the Piedmontese invasion ; that then constitution of Spain should be proclaimed, and that, making common cause with the enemy, they should excite the population of this kingdom to arm itself against the legitimate Government of Austria, and that deputies should be sent to Turin to settle matters with the Piedmontese conspirators, touching the operations to be carried out in the country.

“ Having charged himself with the operations necessary in Mantua, to promote the conspiracy ; having also disbursed a considerable sum of money.”

The conspiracy of which I was accused of having taken part was, undoubtedly, the meeting at Pecchio's house, for I was at no other. How this could have come to the knowledge of the Commission, which accused us of having said more than we did say, I do not know. Of the five persons present at this meeting, three (that is, Pecchio, Rossi, and myself) fled from the country, and, therefore, cannot have spoken. The two others (namely, Borsieri and the Councillor Carlo Castiglia) remained in the country, and were arrested. These may have spoken. But why the first should have been condemned to death, and the others set at liberty after a long imprisonment, is not easy to explain.

As to the second part of the accusation, that is a mistake of the Commission. The great sum which I disbursed, in order to promote the conspiracy, is the 1000 francs given to Pecchio for the purpose mentioned in the beginning of this book.

I put my affairs in order, having reason to fear being expelled from France, and towards the end of 1822 I went to England. In the autumn of 1823, my property was sequestered, and on the 21st January, 1824, I was condemned to death as refractory. I have related the few particulars known to me concerning the political events of Lombardy in 1821, and the men who took the principal part in them ; and having led the reader step by step through the varied phases of my life, imprisonment, flight, poverty, and proscription, the work undertaken by me is accomplished. For the tranquillity of any gentle heart which the story may have more or less affected, I will add, that looking back on my misfortunes, I dwell upon them with gratitude, as having led me a step higher in the improvement of my moral being.

By them the mind is strengthened. Having been placed in contact with a large and more varied portion of mankind, and having found it better than it appeared to me when first seen through the mist of national prejudices, I feel for it, and

especially for its unhappy portions, a more intense love. The spectacle of the foreign world, and of its different customs, has opened a new horizon to me: the intellectual activity which reigns in the countries in which I have lived, the necessity of an occupation which should take away my thoughts from dwelling on the loss of all that was dear to me,—this has impelled me to make use of my intelligence, bringing to an end some literary works which are, perhaps, not entirely useless to my country, and from which I have derived the purest pleasures. To these misfortunes, above all, I owe that certain extreme theories, created solely by the imagination, and uncontrolled by experience, were brought within the limits of the possible, of the practicable; and that, without denying the sacred principles of liberty, of justice, of national independence, I could accept with toleration the sincere opinions of others. By them, after a struggle with old habits—a struggle which, to say the truth, was neither long nor hard—I have been able to content myself with little, to look at those more miserable than myself with pity, rather than at those more fortunate with envy.

To my calamities, in short, I am indebted for a benefit which can never be prized too highly, by whoever values the dignity of man.

Living in free countries, I have found myself in a political position frank, clear, and sincere, because in harmony with my opinion, which I can manifest without danger, and modify or change from my sole inward conviction, without fear of being taxed with hypocrisy or cowardice.

Brussels, January 30, 1838.

PAPERS AND NOTES.

I.

I. R. GOVERNMENT OF MILAN.

Notification.

THE Society of the so-called Carbonari, which has spread itself in several neighbouring States, has attempted to make proselytes also in the Imperial and Royal States. From the inquiries which have been made with this view, the aims of this Society, as périlous to the State as they are criminal, have been discovered, although not avowed to every member of it by the superiors.

By the express command of H.M. the Emperor and King, these aims are made public, as a warning to his subjects. The object to which the Society of the Carbonari is directed is the overthrow and ruin of governments.

From this it follows, that whoever has had knowledge of this object, and has notwithstanding

connected himself with the Carbonari, from the tenor of Art. 52 of the first part of the Criminal Code, has made himself guilty of the crime of high treason; or whoever, according to Art. 54 and 55 of the first part of the said Criminal Code, has not impeded the progress of this Society, or has omitted to denounce the members of it, has become an accomplice of the same crime, and incurred the penalty established by the law: so that, to commence from the day of the publication of the present notification, no one can excuse himself by not having had knowledge of the precise object of the aforesaid Society of the Carbonari; and, consequently, whoever enters into the said Society, or whoever, according to the tenor of what is prescribed in Art. 54 and 55, shall have omitted to hinder the progress or denounce* the

* Numerous instances of the strict application of such an immoral law not only occurred in the political trials of 1820, 1821, and 1831, but even later. One of the saddest illustrations of it happened during the famous political trial of 1853, which caused the deaths of Canon Enrico, Tazzoli, Speri, Dr. Poma, and Count Montanari, who were hanged at Mantua. One evening, Professor Marchi had been invited to meet some persons at the house of a friend. He went totally ignorant of the motive of such a meeting. Once there, he was made aware that a secret political committee was going to be established at Mantua, with the object of bringing about a revolutionary movement, and

members of it, will be judged according to Art. 53, 54, 55, and 56 of the first part of the Criminal Code given below.

COUNT DI STRASSOLDI, *President.*

GUICCIARDI, *Vice-President.*

BARETTA, *Councillor.*

Milan, August 29th, 1820.

*Extract from the 7th Chapter of the first Section
of the Criminal Code, first part.*

Art. 52.

Is guilty of high treason—

(a) Whoever attacks the personal safety of the supreme head of the State.

(b) Whoever attempts to make a violent revolu-

Marchi was begged to become one of its members. Although a staunch and warm patriot, Professor Marchi did not think proper to accept the offer, and withdrew. Being an honest man, he could not think, even for a moment, of denouncing his friends, as by the law he ought to have done. But a person who attended the meeting, tortured to death by Colonel Racknow, the Austrian Military Auditor, mentioned that Marchi was present, though he hastened to add that he had declined to join his friend in the formation of the Secret Committee. This was enough: Marchi was condemned to fifteen years' hard labour. He passed five of them in the fortress of Josephstad, where he suffered so much that the poor man is now nearly blind.—
Translator's Note.

tion in the system of the State, or to draw upon the State a danger from without, or to increase this danger, either doing so publicly, or in secret, by persons separately or in association, by plots, by counsel or action, by, or without, force of arms, by communication of secrets leading to this end, or by conspiracies; by instigation, enlistment of troops, spying, help, or any other act directed to this end.

Art. 53.

This crime is punished with death, although it may have been without effect, and within the limits of a simple attempt.

Art. 54.

Whoever, with knowledge of the same, neglects to prevent an enterprise leading to high treason, when being able easily, and without personal danger, to arrest its progress, renders himself guilty of this crime, and is punished with *carcere durissimo* (penal servitude) for life.

Art. 55.

Whoever voluntarily omits to denounce to the magistracy any one guilty of high treason, known to him, renders himself an accomplice in this crime, unless from the circumstances it should result that,

notwithstanding the omitted denunciation, no dangerous consequences were to be feared. This accomplice is punished with *carcere duro* (strict imprisonment) for life.

Art. 56.

Whoever has taken part in secret conferences tending to high treason (specified in Art. 52 *b*), but afterwards, moved to repentance, has disclosed to the magistrates the members, the statutes, the aims, the intentions, the attempts thereof, whilst they are still secret, and if he can hinder its consequences, is assured of complete impunity, and of the secrecy of his denunciation.

II.

Citation.

The Special Criminal Inquisition having been opened for the crime of high treason against —

1. Giuseppe Pecchio, land proprietor, of Milan,
2. Giuseppe Vismara, native of Novara, established at Milan,
3. Giacomo Filippo de Meester-Haydel, of Milan,
4. Costantino Mantovani, advocate, native of Pavia, established at Milan,

5. Benigno, Marquis Bossi, land proprietor, native of Como, established at Milan,

6. Giuseppe, Marquis Arconati-Visconti, land proprietor, of Milan,

7. Carlo Cavaliere Pisani-Dossi, land proprietor, of Pavia,

8. Filippo Count Ugoni, land proprietor, of Brescia.

9. Giovanni Count Arrivabene, land proprietor, of Mantua,

According to the articles 490 and 494 of the Penal Code, the I. R. Special Commission, sitting at Milan, orders the said Pecchio, Vismara, de Meester, Mantovani, Bossi, Arconati, Pisani-Dossi, Ugoni, and Arrivabene, to appear before it, at latest, within sixty days from the date of this citation, to justify themselves of the crime imputed to them.

By the I. R. Special Commission.*

(Signed) DELLA PORTA, *President.*

SALVOTTI.

DE MENGHIN.

D. A. D. ROSMINI, *Secretary.*

Milan, August 10th, 1822.

* A Piedmontese refugee, to whom Andryane had been introduced by Buonarotti, said to him about this Special

III.

Edict.

Considering that Giuseppe Pecchio, land proprietor, of Milan ; Giuseppe Vismara, advocate, na-

Commission, at the same time warning him against the dangerous character of his mission,—

“What would you do in a country overwhelmed with terror and consternation, and having her best men either in prison or in exile? Have you not heard that an Inquisitorial Commission, armed with arbitrary power, keeps the strictest surveillance over Lombardy, not to say over all Italy? Do you not know that by order of this Commission more than a hundred men have already been imprisoned, and that it daily adds to the number of its victims? Have you not been told that Confalonieri is among the prisoners, and that without him nothing can be done in Milan?”

“These obstacles may be surmounted by prudence and determination.”

“Ah, you think so, young man! and you seek advice from me? Introductions! Well, I am willing to give you some. I will commend you to some good patriots, who are, like myself, well schooled by experience; men of courage, as well as of discretion, who have firmly retained their principles ever since 1796, but who have lived too long to trust to chance. My friend Buonarrotti is less prudent, no doubt. I would lay any wager that he has loaded you with a bundle of papers equally useless and dangerous, and quite sufficient to compromise half Italy; such as regulations, ciphers, diplomas, and similar nonsense. It is his hobby. If you have any such wares, do not take them with you. Secret societies are not in season now; in a few years hence it may

tive of Novara, established at Milan; Giacomo Filippo de Meester-Haydel, land proprietor, of Milan; Costantino Mantovani, advocate, native of Pavia, living at Milan; Giuseppe Marquis Arco-

be otherwise; but to fire now such a volley under Salvotti's nose would be to jump down a precipice."

"There is nothing to be done then, in your opinion?"

"I do not say that; I only wish to put you on your guard. Will you not give me credit for being ready to take advantage of anything that may lead to the liberty of my unfortunate country? Time ripens all things; but I am not one of those who say, 'Provided the grain grows and ripens, perish the sower!' Though I am so advanced in years, and ought therefore to be the more eager to see my country free, yet I am not unwilling to intrust the accomplishment of that great act of justice to the slow progress of civilisation. When events are above our control, what is the use of kicking, as it were, against fate? Last year I thought and acted differently, because I hoped that the time was come for a general revolution in Italy, and that there was a chance of throwing off the foreign yoke. We have failed; and, however hard a thing exile may be at my age, I do not repent of having joined the brave men who despaired not of the safety of their native country. All is now changed; we can neither act openly, nor conspire secretly. With the exception of the Roman States, and some parts of the kingdom of Naples, there is not a corner in Italy where six individuals would dare to meet to confer on political affairs. Individually, they are all good and trustworthy; in council, you would see them hesitate and give way, from the fear of informers. You can therefore do nothing better than to see our friends one by one, and tell them what is passing abroad. That will revive their

nati-Visconti, land proprietor, of Milan ; Carlo Pisani-Dossi, land proprietor, of Pavia ; Filippo Count Ugoni, land proprietor, of Brescia ; and Giovanni Count Arrivabene, land proprietor, of Man-

hopes ; and, if the moment for action comes, we shall find them prepared to display all their energy against our oppressors. If your mission only served to rouse the courage of the Carbonari, and to collect information for increasing their numbers in better times, it would prove of great importance to our cause. One sheep will make the whole flock leap. But you will yourself see your way when you are on the spot. I shall now write the letters, for our supper must be nearly ready."

"I cannot have the pleasure of supping with you : it is late, and I must return to Lugano."

"Well, then, let us drink a bumper to Italy."

In a few minutes the letters were ready, but it rained more than ever.

"Indeed," said he, "you had better pass the night here : the road to Lugano is extremely bad. I cannot offer you a very sumptuous apartment ; but we conspirators," he added, with a smile, "must content ourselves with a roof to protect us from the inclemency of the weather, a pillow upon which to repose our head, a loaf to appease our hunger, and a glass of wine, when we can get it, to drink with a friend to the triumph of the good cause. Such is my lot : is it not enough when we are past threescore ? As to confiscations, I care not : my children are provided for."

We drank a glass or two of wine, (continues the refugee), exchanging a few more words on the affairs of France and Italy ; and then embraced each other as cordially as if we had been intimate friends. As I was stepping into the carriage, he seized me by the hand, and led me back to his

tua; have not presented themselves within the time assigned them by the Citation of August 10th, 1822.

Seen § 429 of the Criminal Code.

The I. R. Commission of first instance, sitting at Milan, again cites the afore-named Pecchio, Vismara, De Meester-Haydel, Mantovani, Bossi, Arcognati-Visconti, Pisani-Dossi, Ugoni, and Arrivabene, to appear before it, at latest within sixty days from the date of the present edict, to justify themselves of the crime of high treason imputed to them; concerning:

1. Don Giuseppe Pecchio:

(a) Of having made himself the propagator in Lombardy of a secret Society, called the "*Federati Italiani*," in consequence of the resolutions made in concert with some of the principal Piedmontese conspirators, towards the first days of February 1822, with the design of overturning the legitimate Austrian Government in Italy.

room. "You are a brave youth," said he, "but for Heaven's sake do not burden yourself with those accursed papers! Take care that you do not fall into the snares of the police. When you talk of our affairs, let it be *tête-à-tête*,—never with more than one, never! In the eye of the law, a negative is as good as an affirmative, so that you have your fate in your own hands. Do you understand? Farewell, my good friend! God bless you!"—*Translator's Note.*

(b) Of having formed with several Austrian subjects the plan of a National Guard, to be organised in Lombardy, the *rôles* of which were intended to be filled up by the "*Federati*," at the moment of the invasion of the enemy, with the design of augmenting the force against the legitimate Government of Austria, and having also concurred in drawing up the list of the officers destined to command it in Milan.

(c) Of having with several Austrian subjects formed the plan of a Provisional Government (*Giunta*), which should at the moment of the Piedmontese invasion usurp the sovereign power, and, embracing the cause of the enemy, excite the population to arm themselves against the legitimate Austrian Government.

(d) Of having falsely guaranteed a powerful co-operation in this country, and solicited the chiefs of the revolutionary Piedmontese Government, and the commanders of those rebel troops, to invade Lombardy, in order to excite the revolt, of which in the meantime he actively encouraged the elements.

2. Giuseppe Vismara :

(a) Of having already participated in the plan of the conspiracy organised with the Piedmontese Sectarrians, and diffused in Lombardy the Society of

the "*Federati Italiani*," with the aim of overturning the legitimate Government of Austria in Italy.

(b) Of having solicited of the chiefs of the revolutionary Government of Piedmont, and of the commanders of those rebellious troops, the invasion of Lombardy, with the design of exciting insurrection, and proclaiming there the Constitution of Spain, exciting the people to arm themselves, and to make common cause with the enemy.

(c) Of having also, after his flight, continued to occupy himself with the project of promoting, at the most opportune moment, insurrectionary movements in Italy, to overthrow the legitimate Austrian Government, and of having induced to this end several Lombard subjects to accept his ideas and to co-operate in his designs.

3. Giacomo Filippo de Meester-Haydel :

(a) Of having taken part in a plot in which it was decided to cause an insurrectionary outbreak in Milan a few days after the announcement of the revolt of Piedmont, and to proclaim the Constitution of Spain.

(b) Of having also approved of the plan of the National Guard, tending to promote the cause of the enemy.

(c) Of having co-operated in Piedmont, in order that the rebel troops might invade Lombardy, and

there excite revolt against the legitimate Government of Austria in Italy.

4. Costantino Mantovani:

Of having, after being active in Milan for the greater diffusion of the Society of the "*Federati Italiani*," repaired clandestinely to Piedmont, where he promoted the development of that revolution, co-operated in the publication of proclamations by which he excited the people of Italy to take up arms against Austria, and solicited of the enemy the invasion of Lombardy, with the intention of stirring up revolt against the legitimate Austrian Government in Milan.

5. Benigno Marquis Bossi:

(a) Of having taken part in a conference in which it was decided that the National Guard and the Provisional Government should be established as soon as the Piedmontese invasion occurred, and that then they should proclaim the Constitution of Spain, and, making common cause with the enemy, should excite the population to arm themselves against the legitimate Austrian Government in Italy; and that they should in the meantime send deputies to Turin to consult with the Piedmontese conspirators on the operations to be carried on in that country.

(b) Of having gone, shortly after the revolt

broke out, secretly to Piedmont, and uniting himself to Pecchio, and co-operating in various attempts which were made there to invade Lombardy by rebel troops, and to excite revolt against the legitimate Government of Austria in Italy.

6. Giuseppe Marquis Arconati-Visconti:

(a) Of having joined the secret Society of the "*Federati Italiani*," with the design of contributing to the overthrow of the legitimate Austrian Government in Italy.

(b) Of having disbursed a considerable sum of money in order to promote the projects of the conspirators.

(c) Of having in Turin, on the 17th day of March, 1821, repeatedly excited the enemy to invade Lombardy, and to stir up revolt against the legitimate Austrian Government in Italy.

7. Cavaliere Carlo Pisani-Dossi:

(a) Of having belonged to a secret Society directed to subvert the Austrian Government in Italy, and to which he endeavoured to make proselytes in this kingdom.

(b) Of having aided the development of the Piedmontese insurrection, and of having tried to increase the force of the enemy; of having solicited it to invade Lombardy, in order to excite there

revolt against the legitimate Government of Austria in Italy.

8. Filippo Count Ugoni :

(a) Of having joined the secret society called the "*Federati Italiani*" in Milan, and afterwards of having given all his care to diffuse it in Brescia and its district, with the design of overthrowing the legitimate Government of Austria in Italy :

(b) Of having, towards the middle of March 1821, proposed to some persons to surprise the public money, the remittances of which were expected at Milan, and to commence at the same time an insurrectionary movement in Brescia and its neighbourhood, and, in order to divert some of the Austrian troops and promote the invasion of the Piedmontese, to make common cause with them against the legitimate Government of Austria in Italy :

(c) Of having, on his return from Piedmont, where he went towards the 19th of March, 1821, to examine the state of things in that kingdom, proposed anew that insurrectionary movements should take place in the Brescian territory in order to hasten the invasion of the revolted Piedmontese in Lombardy.

9. Giovanni Count Arrivabene :

(a) Of having taken part in a conference in which it had been decided that the National Guard and the Provisional Government of which he was to become a member should be both established at the moment of the Piedmontese invasion ; that then the Constitution of Spain should be proclaimed, and, making common cause with the enemy, should excite the population of this kingdom to arm themselves against the legitimate Austrian Government, and that deputies should be sent to Turin, in the meantime to arrange with the Piedmontese conspirators as to the operations to be performed in this country :

(b) Of having undertaken to carry out the necessary measures to be taken in Mantua, in order to promote the success of the revolution ; of having also for this end disbursed a considerable sum of money.

Notice is, therefore, given to the aforesaid Pecchio, Vismara, de Meester-Haydel, Mantovani, Pisani-Dossi, Arconati-Visconti, Ugoni, and Arrivabene, that at the expiration of this new term, without their having presented themselves before the Commission, they will be held as having confessed themselves guilty of the crimes imputed to them, and proceeded with according to law.

For the I. R. Commission :

DELLA PORTA, *President.*

SALVOTTI.

DE MENGHIN.

DE ROSMINI, *Secretary.*

Milan, October 19th, 1822.

IV.

*Sentence.**

According to the results of the criminal prosecution, instituted by the Special Commission in

* The details of the reading of the above sentence are thus related by Andryane :—

“‘Has the Count recovered?’ asked for the fourth time a person dressed in black, to whom all present bowed [Confalonieri had been ill.] A gendarme having made a sign in the affirmative, he added, ‘Every one must be at his post ; in a few minutes I will fetch the prisoners.’

“‘It is to appear before the Commission,’ said Confalonieri ; ‘they are going to read our sentences to us.’

“These words were hardly uttered when a door was opened quickly.

“‘Tell the accused to come forward,’ cried one of the officers of the Commission.

“‘Preceded by some commissaries of Police, we advanced slowly toward the middle of the line which the gendarmes had formed on each side. Confalonieri leaned upon me, and I felt his legs tremble. If the distance is great, thought I, he will sink. Happily, a few seconds brought us to the

Milan for the crime of high treason.—Against the arrested :

room where all the members of the Commission were waiting for us, ranged in a semicircle round a table lighted by flambeaux. To the left of the President was Salvotti, looking paler and more sinister than ever. They placed us along the wall facing the tribunal ; and the silence, which our arrival interrupted, was restored. This moment of expectation was long and terrible ; but my greatest anxiety was lest Confalonieri's convulsions should return before our iniquitous judges. What cruel joy would it have given Salvotti, whose eyes were fixed in bold defiance on us ! The calm expression of the Count, as he turned for a moment towards me, brought back my confidence.

"At length, the President, whom we had never seen, made a sign to the Secretary to read the sentences. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the fatal paper. He began, but his voice failed him after he had pronounced the first few words. Already had Salvotti stretched out his hand, no doubt that he might himself proclaim the tragic result of his infernal proceedings, when the Secretary resumed.

"'By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, the Count Frederick Confalonieri, accused and convicted of high-treason, is condemned to death.' There he stopped.

"To enjoy the terrible effect which this sanguinary doom must produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing and triumphant looks. But he was deceived ; no alteration was visible in the countenance of Confalonieri.

"After a long pause, the Secretary continued : 'But the capital punishment, by the inexhaustible clemency of his

1. Federigo Count Confalonieri, of Milan,
2. Alessandro Filippo Andryane, of Paris.

Majesty, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

"A slight shudder arose among the assistants. Confalonieri remained immoveable. Pallavicini repeated the words, mingled with sighs and murmurs.

"Some minutes elapsed before the reading recommenced, when we heard the words: 'By a similar sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, Alexander Andryane, aged twenty-five years, accused and found guilty of high-treason, is condemned to death; but, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, the capital punishment is commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

"The eyes of Salvotti, lighted up with a cruel satisfaction, seemed to say, 'I promised you this!' while in those of Confalonieri, which were turned towards me, was seen the most tender compassion. I replied to the one by a pressure of the hand, to the other by a smile of pity. I heard the certainty of my life being saved without emotion and without joy. I had already suffered so much that the sorrow of my heart exceeded my desire of life.

"They now passed sentence on the others. Pallavicini, Borsieri, and Castillia, were condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement; Tonnelli to ten years. When the Secretary concluded, the President addressed to us some words, exhorting us to merit by our conduct the clemency that his Majesty had shown us. We listened in silence; and, without answering a word, bowed, and retraced our steps to the chapel.

"The signal for departure was given. Pallavicini walked

Against the refractories,—

3. Giuseppe Pecchio, of Milan,

proudly in front, his chains ringing at every step ; Castillia and Tonnelli dragged theirs slowly ; Borsieri's foot caught his, and he was in danger of falling with violence. Confalonieri and myself came next, walking closely, in order that my friend might with more ease support himself on my arm. A gendarme offered his assistance, but he rejected it. We descended step by step a stone staircase, from which we could hear more distinctly the solemn murmur of the voices of an expectant multitude.

“Already, on the right, on the left, upon every side around us, in the court of the Palace, on the staircase, under the gateway, were seen functionaries, officers of all ranks, of all arms, citizens, even females, who had solicited the sad satisfaction of contemplating the victims of absolute government.

“‘Here is Confalonieri ! Here is Confalonieri !’ was repeated on all sides. ‘My God, how pale he is !’ Anxiously I cast my eyes on his face, trembling lest I should see there the forerunners of a nervous paroxysm. But he reassured me by a look, and a stronger pressure of his arm.

“The Hungarian infantry formed the line, supported by hussars, who were scarcely able to keep the throng back from us as soon as the cry of ‘Here they come !’ had passed from mouth to mouth. The undulations of the crowd were such that the narrow passage by which we were to walk to the pillory was often on the point of being choked up. The hussars were at last forced to back their horses upon the multitude, crushing them till thousands of shrill voices rent the air.

“‘How are you ?’ I frequently inquired of Confalonieri during this tumult ; ‘shall we stop for you to gain breath ?

4. Giuseppe Vismara of Novara, residing at
Milan,

“‘No, no,’ said he; ‘let us keep moving; if we pause, I shall perhaps fall.’

“‘Let us keep moving then,’ I repeated after him; and my fear lest he should faint was such that I could not breathe.

“Shortly afterwards we reached the foot of the pillory, which had been erected against the walls of the Palace. Pallavicini and Borsieri began to mount the steps of the narrow staircase, which we could only ascend singly. Scarcely were their heads raised above the multitude, when a great exclamation was heard, followed immediately by a dead silence. In less than two minutes they stood on the pillory, and the gaoler fastened them, facing the spectators, to large rings of iron clamped into the stone at regular distances. When Castillia, Tonnelli, and Borsieri had arrived, a captain of the Hungarian cavalry said to Confalonieri, with an air of disdain, ‘It is now your turn.’ The Count mounted, but I saw with what pain he raised his feeble legs. His breathing became shorter and more oppressed, and in mortal perplexity I asked myself, ‘Will he ever reach the top?’

“No sooner was he in sight of the people than a cry of ‘Confalonieri! Confalonieri!’ was heard. All then relapsed into silence.

“‘Courage!’ said I, placing myself at his side; ‘rest your arm again on mine; the greatest difficulty is overcome.’

“‘I hope so,’ he replied. ‘Am I pale?’

“‘No, no,—all will be well.’

“I cast my eyes around the square and crowded streets, and saw only thousands of heads raised towards us, while

5. Giacomo Filippo de Meester - Haydel, of
Milan,

the windows of every house were filled with men and women leaning forwards, the better to observe us. But there was nothing painful in this lively curiosity; nothing which could make us think that we were surrounded by an indifferent or prejudiced populace, ready to rejoice over so odious an exhibition. Far, very far, from that. Had I been less uneasy, less occupied with poor Confalonieri, I might have noticed among this immense crowd unequivocal marks of compassion and interest. I confess even that I could not have imagined the Milanese—under the eyes of their masters, whose numerous battalions garrisoned the whole town—to have been capable of a public manifestation so clearly anti-Austrian. It is a testimony I am happy to have it in my power to render them.

“Some minutes elapsed in this silent spectacle, when the general attention was suddenly attracted towards a balcony, which was situated on the left above us, and on which several persons had just shown themselves; one of whom, in uniform, held in his hand a roll of paper. The silence became still more profound; attention was at its height; and when the crier commenced, at first with a trembling voice, to read the sentences, it appeared as if every spectator had in one of us a brother, a parent, or a friend, whose deplorable fate he was about to hear. But hardly had he concluded the words—‘By the clemency of his Majesty the capital punishment of Count Confalonieri is commuted to solitary imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg,’—hardly, I say, had he concluded these words, when a sudden tumult, a universal, energetic, and prolonged murmur, revealed what a painful effect this act of ‘inexhaustible clemency’ produced on the multitude. All eyes were turned

6. Costantino Mantovani, of Pavia,
7. Benigno Marquis Bossi, of Milan,

to Confalonieri as if to pay him a tribute of commiseration and respect.

"When my turn came, and they heard that I also was condemned for life to the dungeons of Spielberg, there was a fresh exclamation ; and many words of compassion, which went to my heart, all at once made me conscious of the despair of those whom at this critical moment I had endeavoured to efface from my memory, lest the thought of them should overcome my fortitude.

"There was one instant when Confalonieri, at whom I kept looking every second, shut his eyes and dropped his head. My anxiety for him increased ; I could think of nothing but his dread and grief at the idea that his fainting would be attributed to weakness or cowardice. 'Frederick, Frederick !' I exclaimed, my heart full of bitter regret at my inability to offer him the least assistance or support.

"He raised his head languidly, and turned towards me, his face covered with perspiration. 'I feared I should be ill,' he answered, in a weak and faltering voice ; 'but, please God, I shall still hold up. Ah, from what a heavy weight I feel myself relieved ! The victory—for it will be a victory not to be the laughing-stock of our enemies—now appears more sure, more probable ; and a flash, almost of joy, animates my heart, even at this fatal moment.'

"The sentences were read. The crowd now became denser, and more and more anxious to approach us ; it would have ended in their expelling the troops, if we had been left exposed as long as the Commission had ordered. But the police, uneasy at this manifestation of interest, took upon themselves to withdraw us from the scaffold some minutes before the appointed time."—*Translator's Note.*

8. Giuseppe Marquis Arconati-Visconti, of Milan,
9. Carlo Cavaliere Pisani-Dossi, of Pavia,
10. Filippo Count Ugoni, of Brescia,
11. Giovanni Count Arrivabene, of Mantua.

And against the arrested,—

12. Pietro Borsieri di Kanilfeld, of Milan,
13. Giorgio Marquis Pallavicini, of Milan,
14. Gaetano Castiglia, of Milan,
15. Andrea Tonelli, of Coccaglio,
16. Francesco Baron Arese, of Milan,
17. Carlo Castiglia, of Milan,
18. Sigismondo Baron Trecchi, of Milan,
19. Alberico di Felber, of Milan,
20. Alessandro Marquis Visconti d'Aragona, of Milan,
21. Giuseppe Rizzardi, of Milan,
22. Giovanni Battista Comolli, residing at Milan,
23. Giuseppe Martinelli, of Cologna, province of Brescia,
24. Paolo Mazzotti, of Coccaglio,
25. Luigi Moretti, of Mantua :

all accused of the crime of high treason.

Seen, the sentence of the said first Commission of the 30th May, 1823, as to Andryane, and of the 28th February, concerning the others ;

Seen, the sentence of the second Special Com-

mission, bearing the date for Andryane of the 15th July, 1823, and for the others of the 11th of the said July ;

The Royal Imperial Lombardo-Venetian Senate of the Supreme Court of Justice sitting at Verona, by its decision of the 27th of August, concerning Andryane, and of the 9th of October concerning the others, has declared,—

1. That the arrested—Federigo Count Confalonieri, and Alessandro Filippo Andryane, as well as the refractories—Giuseppe Pecchio, Giuseppe Vismara, Giacomo Filippo de Meester-Haydel, Costantino Mantovani, Benigno Marquis Bossi, Giuseppe Marquis Arconati Visconti, Carlo Cavaliere Pisani Dossi, Filippo Count Ugoni, Giovanni Count Arrivabene, and the others arrested—Pietro Borsieri di Kanilfeld, Giorgio Marquis Pallavicini, Gaetano Castiglia, Andrea Tonelli, and Francesco Baron Arese, are guilty of the crime of high-treason, and has condemned them to the punishment of death on the gibbet, applying to the contumacious the regulations contained in the paragraph 498 of the Penal Code.

2. It has also declared that it suspends the proceedings for the crime of high-treason, for want of legal proofs, against Carlo Castiglia, Sigismondo Baron Trecchi, Alberico de Felber, Alessandro Mar-

quis Visconti d'Aragona, Giuseppe Rizzardi, Giambattista Comolli, Giuseppe Martinelli, and Carlo Mazzotti, condemning, however, all of them, as well as all those previously named, to the payment of the costs of the process *in solidum*, and to the payment of their board expenses according to the paragraph 537 of the Penal Code; and all the noblemen found guilty of the crime of high-treason to the loss of the rights of the Austrian nobility.

3. It has also declared, that Luigi Moretti is absolved from the imputed crime of high-treason, his innocence having been proved.

His Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty, to whom both the proceedings and sentences have been submitted, by his most venerated sovereign resolution, of 17th December, 1823, and 8th of January, 1824, has allowed justice to take its course regarding the refractories—Pecchio, Vismara, De Meester, Mantovani, Bossi, Arconati-Visconti, Pisani-Dossi, Filippo Ugoni, and Arrivabene; and, on the contrary, has graciously deigned mercifully to remit to the condemned Confalonieri, Andryane, Borsieri, Pallavicini, Gaetano Castiglia, Tonelli, and Arese, the punishment of death, and to commute it into imprisonment of *carcere duro*, to be expiated by all in the Fortress of Spielberg; in the case of Confalonieri and Andryane, for life; in that of Borsieri,

Pallavicini, and Gaetano Castiglia, for twenty years ; in that of Tonelli, for ten years ; and in that of Arese for three years, in addition to the legal consequences of the condemnation to imprisonment, *carcere duro*.

These supreme decisions, as well as these highly venerated sovereign resolutions, have been published in obedience to the most venerated Aulic decree of the High Lombardo-Venetian Senate, Supreme Court of Justice, of 27th December, 1823, Nos. 3477, 264 ; and of 12th January, 1824, No. 12, communicated to the Special Commission by the honoured despatches of 20th December, 1823, Nos. 290 and 291, and 13th January, 1824, No. 8.

Given at Milan by the Imperial Royal Special Commission, the 19th day of January, 1824.

The Aulic Councillor, *President*,
DELLA PORTA,
A. DE ROSMINI, *Secretary*.

V.

AUSTRIAN STATE PAPER.

*Milan, January 22, 1824.**

After thirty years of sanguinary wars and disastrous revolutions, which shook governments

* The promulgation of the sentence pronounced against us was followed by the publication of this long article,

to their foundations, and spread despair and desolation among the nations, Europe had scarcely begun again to enjoy the fruits of peace, than perverse enemies of public tranquillity employed every means in their power to arrest the triumph of the eternal principles of religion, morality, and social order, in defence of which all sovereigns and nations had generously united themselves.

Those who, under the revolutionary governments, had abandoned themselves to the dreams of an ambition which knew no bounds, falling with their governments and deceived in their hopes, increased the number of the discontented; and the secret societies, now the centres, now the instruments of conspiracies of the most dangerous character, after having escaped the vigilance of those fallen Governments, of which they equally intended to prepare the destruction, began to spread, promoting seditious tendencies, which were soon afterwards to break out into open revolt.

Lombardy was not exempt from the attempts

which was reproduced in the *Moniteur Français*, of January 30th, 1824. Although the straightforwardness of our acts and intentions is evident in this narrative, this article brings accusations against us of so grave a nature, that I have felt it to be a duty to refute them in two notes.
—*Author's Note.*

of this factious party. A plot, instigated by a sect which had introduced itself a short time since in this country, was discovered towards the end of 1814, and the plan of the sectarians frustrated by the activity of the Austrian Government. The principal authors of it (for on the subordinate actors the generosity of the Government would not exercise the rigours of a prosecution) were already in the prisons of Mantua, awaiting the punishment of their felony.* But his Imperial Royal Apostolic

* The famous physician Rasori, and Colonel Moretti, had been the companions of General De Meester in the political trials of 1814. They were imprisoned in the Gonzaga's Castle of Mantua, and Moretti was confined in the very room (No. 4) from which Orsini made his escape. In spite of the watchful eyes of the Austrian police, the prisoners succeeded in having frequent communication with their friends in the town, through the devotion of Captain Vismara, who had been Colonel Moretti's orderly officer during the campaign of 1813. This man had recourse to a very curious means of getting on to the rampart of the dungeons occupied by his friends. He wrapped himself in a large bear-skin, and, thus clad, so perfectly imitated the movements of the beast, that, when the Austrian sentries got sight of him, they were terrified, and hardly dared to breathe. After a few nights, however, the officer on guard redoubled the sentries, and gave orders to fire at the bear. This was done; but, fortunately, Captain Vismara was not hit, though the lesson was such as to induce him to discontinue so perilous an exploit.

The prisoners' friends then had recourse to other means

Majesty, tempering by his clemency the sentence to which they had been condemned, gave them their life, and, after a short detention, allowed them to return to the bosom of their families.

Whilst in 1814 this attempt of the spirit of faction was suppressed, new perils menaced the tranquillity of Italy and the whole of Europe in 1815. Murat, from the kingdom of Naples, sent his armies all over the rest of Italy, and made use of Carbonarism, which up to this time had menaced his own throne, as an auxiliary to his ambitious designs. From that moment the baneful germ of this demagogue society* propagated itself in the different countries occupied by his troops; but soon victory declared itself for the Austrian flag.

Political calm followed the commotions produced by this passing meteor, and, although the efforts of this secret party to excite new agitation

of communication. Books were allowed to be sent to Rasini and his companions. On the pages of these books, words were pricked with a pin, and thus news or advice was conveyed. It was in this ingenious manner that the intelligence of Napoleon's escape from Elba and his entry into Paris reached the prisoners of Mantua.—*Translator's Note.*

* It is, indeed, strange to describe as demagogues men belonging, for the greater part, to the nobility and well-to-do classes of Lombardy. Some of the persons thus designated are now senators, or occupy high positions in their country, and all belong to the Conservative party.—*Translator's Note.*

were not unknown to the Legitimate Governments, they followed the impulse of their clemency and their generosity, in the hope that gratitude would bring back those misguided men to social order, which was every day becoming more consolidated.

But in the midst of the profound quiet enjoyed by Europe, the voice of these dangerous men, who were not taught by experience, but endeavoured to spread ideas of revolt that they might raise themselves from the insignificance to which they are condemned, was again heard. Secret societies multiplied themselves under the shadow of mystery, and propagated more and more, drawing those into their culpable projects in whose bosoms they instilled, little by little, the venom of their principles. The two secret societies which prevailed in Italy in 1816 were the Carbonari and the Adelfia. They both possessed democratic tendencies, proclaiming—the one, the institution of the Agrarian law; the other, regicide: they only differed in the rites which they adopted.

The centre of the first was the kingdom of Naples; of the second, France; and, whilst these secret societies continued to make new proselytes, various other minor sects, under different names,

developed themselves, all tending to the overthrow of the monarchical thrones of Italy.*

* I did not belong to the Carbonaria, nor to the Adelfia, nor to any of the many sects mentioned in this article. It would appear, therefore, that I ought not to take notice of the grave accusations brought against them. But some might not have faith in my assertion; besides, all the Italians who took part, either by action or by desire, in the events of 1821, are bound one to another. I would say, therefore: "You assert that Carbonarism proclaims the Agrarian law; that is to say, the equal partition of land amongst all the inhabitants of a country. In truth, you do great honour to Carbonarism. Many of those whom you count as such, in Lombardy at least, were rich proprietors; as, for instance, Count Porro, according to you, the founder of Carbonarism in this part of Italy. I, for example, possessed in the province of Mantua about 2,500 acres of land, of the value of 700,000 francs. This province contains about 500,000 acres, and a population of 250,000 individuals; to each individual would, therefore, have fallen two acres, and I should have been dispossessed of 2,498.

"To say that, if I had been persuaded that such a sacrifice on my part would have permanently ameliorated the condition of the mass of the people, I would willingly have made it, would be a vain boast. I will say, therefore, a thing more credible, that such generosity never entered into my mind. You assert, besides, that the Carbonari and Adelfi Societies have a democratic tendency, and that the second proclaims regicide; but this implies contradiction with the accusation, which you made further on against the sectaries of Lombardy, of having determined to proclaim the Constitution of Spain, and with what the Neapolitans did, who, though

But the movements of these sectaries did not remain long a mystery to the vigilance of the Austrian Government. The guilty were arrested in the beginning of January 1819, brought before the tribunals, and judged. But here also the clemency of his Majesty made itself heard, and the punishment of death, which the tribunals had pronounced against thirteen of the principal sectaries, was commuted to imprisonment, more or less long, according to the respective degrees of crime.

In the meantime, the outbreak of the Revolution of Naples, in July 1820, made manifest the existence and the character of Carbonarism. His Majesty drew the attention of his subjects to the evils of this sect, and, by the royal notification of

masters of sovereign power, neither proclaimed the Agrarian law, nor, thanks to Heaven! imbrued their hands in regal blood, but contented themselves with founding a constitutional monarchy. All parties have, amongst the mass, some reasonable men, and some madmen, who, on the eve of action, talk of strange iniquitous designs; but, as soon as the reality, the moment for action, arrives, either change their mind or are set aside. It is, therefore, probable that the Carbonari, the Adelfi, and the other minor sects, may have had in their bosom some of the above-named individuals; but their opinions certainly did not prevail, and, judging from the facts, every impartial man must say that the object of these sects is not that which it is here asserted to be."—*Author's Note.*

the 29th August, 1820, warned the negligent as to the objects of the same, that, being instructed as to its true tendencies, and terrified by the punishment which awaited those connected with Carbonarism, they might repel and reveal the attempts of perverse seducers.

But, at the same time, whilst the wisdom and paternal solicitude of the Emperor endeavoured to prevent crime by salutary admonition, in order not to be under the necessity of punishing it when committed, some persons in Milan formed, towards the end of August 1820, the project of diffusing Carbonarism throughout the entire kingdom, and of joining in its links the foreign sects, so as by this means to prepare the elements of a general revolution in Italy, of which the Revolution of Naples was to be, according to their plan, the prelude and the impulse.

The Government, however, smothered this project in its birth, towards the beginning of October 1820. The head of the conspiracy, Count Luigi Porro-Lamberterghi, escaped in the beginning of April 1821, and was afterwards condemned, as a refractory, to the merited punishment of death. With respect to his accomplices his Majesty, the most august Emperor and King, again listened to

the voice of mercy, and substituted the punishment of temporary imprisonment for that of death, passed on them by the tribunals of the country.

Whilst, however, the authorities were occupied in discovering the thread of these plots, the sectaries and factions of all Italy, animated by the issue of the Revolution of Naples, became still more united among themselves, and in the other Italian provinces the turbulent spirit of these misguided proselytes was also to be found.

The Adelfia, which, in 1818, assumed the title of "The Society of Sublime and Perfect Masters," urged its adherents to increase the number of proselytes, to organise itself into subordinate centres, which usurped the names of Church and Synod, to bind themselves with the other sects wherever they existed, and to draw the threads, as much as possible, into the hands of their chiefs, so as to unite them with the centre at Turin, and from there, by means of Geneva, with the supreme Committee, which denominated itself "The Great Firmament."

It was in the north of Italy, chiefly, that this sect had insinuated itself, and that it had become, through the influence of the higher sectaries, who lived in Turin and Geneva, the instrument of the French supreme centre. This sect, which took particular consistence in Piedmont, penetrated also

into Lombardy, and counted several *Churches** in other Italian States, where it had been incorporated with Carbonarism.

Whilst the Carbonari in the Pontifical States, with their numberless subaltern societies, had arranged, in August 1820, to stir up a revolution in the States of His Holiness, of which, in various meetings, they had matured the plans and the movements, the "Sublime Perfect Masters," according to the instructions which came to them direct from Turin, endeavoured to moderate their impatient ardour. It was their intention to make it burst out in open tumult at the moment when the Revolution of Piedmont, which they were preparing, should be successful, so that they might plunge all Italy into the horrors of a general combined revolution.

The Carbonari of the Romagna continued in the meantime, through their emissaries, to bind themselves with the rebels of Naples, whilst the sectaries of Northern Italy hastened the development of the Piedmontese conspiracy. From the instant in which the plot had thus been organised, the inferior secret societies were multiplied with

* It appears that, by the name of *Churches*, the minor centres of the Society were designated.—*Translator's Note.*

greater activity, as they were to be the nucleus of the Militia and the National Guard, which, in the moment of insurrection, would have been established.

Besides these different sects, the association of the "*Federati Italiani*" was then formed. It was destined to take the lead of the Revolution of Piedmont, to prepare that of Milan, and to spread itself successively throughout Italy, in union with the foreign confederates, on whose co-operation they counted.

The elements of a general revolution being thus prepared, the sectaries of every State set to work to provide their satellites with arms and munitions of war, and to draw up plans of the Government which, at the moment of the revolt, should take upon itself supreme authority, in order to proclaim the new political institutions which were to assume the place of the old.

A foreign insurrectionary centre recommended, in January 1821, that the Revolutionary Militia should not be organised until the Austrian army had marched to the Neapolitan frontier; whence, with a combined movement throughout the whole of the Italian Peninsula, they would surround the troops of his Majesty, and proclaim the triumph of revolution and disorder, under the name of

"Italian Liberty." The basis of this conspiracy had already been assented to by the conspirators of several countries of Italy. Italy was to be divided by the Po, and held, by a constitution similar to that of Spain, in a federal union.

The Lombard conspirators, in February 1821, concerted the plan of a Provisional Government, divided into five sections. In their meetings they selected the persons who were to form the Government. The supreme authority was to take into its hands the powers of sovereignty. Its first act would have been that of ordering a general armament to support the revolutionary cause, and of calling to arms, by preference, those who had already seen military service, whilst in various other ways it would have occupied itself, above all, in promoting the fanaticism of rebellion. The chief conspirators also drew up the plan of a National Guard, and designated the individuals who were to command and direct it.

The epoch chosen for a general movement was that of the invasion of the Piedmontese troops. In two columns, these were to march upon the States of Italy: the first was to penetrate into Lombardy, where the activity of the plotters would have assisted it; the second, into the States of Parma and of Modena, to attempt to seduce the

Papal troops in Bologna, to proclaim everywhere the Constitution of Spain, and to swell its ranks with those factions whom the activity of the sects and the popular ferment would increase at the tidings of the first success. The conspirators imagined that the Austrian army, occupied in its front by the Neapolitan troops, harassed in the rear by the troops of their auxiliaries, and placed in a country all aflame with revolutionary incendiarism, would be surrounded and annihilated.

The revolution broke out in Alessandria on the 10th of March, 1821; it was supported by the seditious movements which took place in Turin on the 13th.

From that moment, the agents of the revolt directed all their efforts to bringing the whole army under the banner of crime and rebellion, and to increasing it by new levies, so as to accomplish the long-projected invasion of Parma and Lombardy.

The Lombard and foreign subjects who, before and at the moment of the breaking out of the revolt, had gone to Piedmont to hasten it, now urged the Sardinian army, by promises of reward, and under pretence of ample co-operation in the country, to cross the frontier.

They wanted the revolutionary army to anticipate the arrival of those troops which the Austrian

Government, aware of the designs of the rebels, had caused to assemble on the frontiers of Lombardy, to repulse the audacity of a sudden invasion.

Lombardy being in the proximity of the conflagration, and the activity of the conspirators, long acquainted with the secret of the plot, having there prepared the elements of the revolt, was the first to feel the effects of the shock. Some young men, lost and seduced, abandoned their peaceful studies and their occupations to go into the neighbouring kingdom, where the demagogues soon threw them into the ranks of the rebels. The tribunals justly sentenced these imprudent young men to the punishment of death; but here again his Majesty, out of regard to their youth and their inexperience, commuted the punishment into a detention of brief duration.

The central conspirators of Milan were in the meantime occupied in taking the most advantageous measures for giving a decided movement to the ferment which their satellites everywhere promoted.

On the 15th of March, the entry of the revolutionists into Novara was known. Those Lombards who had gone to Piedmont, to hasten the invasion of the rebel troops, announced to their correspondents in Milan the imminence of this

event, and begged them to co-operate actively in the success of the common enterprise.

On this announcement, the project was formed of causing a popular tumult in Milan, to facilitate the projected invasion. At the same time, a letter was sent to the conspirators of Brescia, to recommend them to excite revolt in that province. They gave them their instructions on the disarming of the garrison, on the surprise of the fortresses of Peschiera and the Rocca d'Aufo, and also on the seizure of the public money: whilst with one hand they hastened the rising of some Lombard provinces, they sent out with the other messengers and letters to press the invasion. But the army which, in the meantime, had assembled on the frontiers of Piedmont, under the orders of Lieutenant-General Marshal Count di Bubna, placed an insurmountable barrier to the intended invasion.

On its side, the civil authority kept watch in silence over the proceedings of those on whom fell the suspicion of being implicated in this extended conspiracy. It held in its hand the principal threads, and, having assured itself of public opinion, which it knew in general to be good in Lombardy, and opposed to every revolution, it took its measures calmly, and in this crisis scarcely made its action felt. It is well to give here a more precise

delineation of the part taken by individuals in the general attempt. Among the acts by which the Count Federigo Confalonieri made himself guilty of the crime of high treason, will be comprised the most essential of those which occasioned the condemnation of the conspirators who were subordinate to him. The crimes of Alessandro Andryane, being strictly personal, will form a separate article.

PART TAKEN BY COUNT FEDERIGO CONFALONIERI,
OF MILAN, IN THIS CONSPIRACY.

THE Count Federigo Confalonieri had already, under the last Government, distinguished himself by a spirit of hostile opposition. At the epoch of the overthrow of the kingdom of Italy, he remained no stranger to the revolutionary movements which the democratic party fomented in Milan, and of which the Minister of Finance, Prina, was a victim.

At this epoch, the public voice was raised against him, and he was designated as having been the principal promoter of Prina's death. After this, Count Confalonieri, having gone abroad, did not fail to profit by his travels, and to open a new and vaster field to his ambition. Conformity of opinions caused him to form friendships with persons in Paris

and London most famous for modern Liberalism; and with these new relations he came finally to Milan, after about a year's absence, which he had passed in France and England. His return to Milan, where the remembrance of the assassination of Prina had not yet died away, roused against Confalonieri the hatred of the opposite party, which induced him to publish abroad a pamphlet, in which he did not limit himself to repelling the charge of having taken part in this assassination,*

* There are still living in England many persons who became acquainted with Count Confalonieri while he was in London, and I am confident they will share the opinion of the Translator of this book, that so honest and honourable a man could not have professed the abominable principles the Austrian Government of that time attributed to him.

To show the reader what a noble-minded man Confalonieri was, I think proper to quote the following lines of Andryane:—

“About a month after the news of my father's death, Confalonieri received, after many years of expectation and uneasiness, not a long answer, but a sign of life from his friends. This proof of their constant devotion I should have passed over silently, like many other acts of generosity, of which I was the witness, and often the object, if my conscience did not urge me to testify to the noble self-abnegation of him who has a claim to my eternal gratitude. Although there would be no harm in entering into minute details, I shall limit myself to stating that the keeper, to whom old Schiller had confided our

but professed publicly the political sentiments which he had embraced. In this he proclaimed the opi-

secrets, found means to say to us one evening, through the little opening of the wicket, 'A man is here at Brünn,* the bearer of a letter which he has given me: I have brought it you. He is ready to favour your flight. I myself am disposed to make the attempt, and have prepared everything to execute your escape to-morrow afternoon. Give me, therefore, your answer in the morning.'

"Who can describe our agitation at this unexpected announcement? Confalonieri hastened to read the letter, which contained only these words: 'Chosen among your exiled friends to assist in your project of flight, I have arrived at Brünn, provided with passports and a good carriage. I shall await the favourable moment; meanwhile prepare yourself. I have brought with me the necessary disguise, a hat, frock-coat, &c. I shall confide them to-morrow to the keeper. Reckon on me as on yourself.'

"'Well, what say you to this?' asked my friend.

"'That we should both fall on our knees and thank God for so great a favour. This unexpected means of flight must be seized instantly and without hesitation. Think of your Theresa ——'

"'You well know that she is my constant thought, the only tie that attaches me to life. One of my dearest friends informs me that her health is seriously affected, and that my presence alone can relieve her.'

"'Well, then, attempt fearlessly this escape, which will at once save your incomparable wife and yourself; for, there is no doubt, my dear friend, that so long as the

* The fortress Spielberg is just above the town of Brünn.—*Translator's Note.*

nions which afterwards induced him to support the party of independence, and boasted "that he was

Emperor lives, you will languish in Spielberg, and will perhaps finish your days here.'

" 'I am well aware of that,' he replied.

" 'And,' I impatiently exclaimed, 'you do not exult in the idea that, in twenty-four hours, you may be freed from this frightful destiny? I see no sign of joy on your face—you are gloomy. What are you thinking of?'

" 'This letter speaks of *one* only; and to leave you here ——'

" 'What matters it? Am I in the same position as you? Have I an adorable wife, whose existence depends on my deliverance?'

" 'For pity's sake, say no more!' returned Confalonieri: 'let me reflect—I will call you presently.' And, saying these words, he retired to his cell, requesting me to go to bed.

" 'Do not forget,' I added, 'that early to-morrow morning you must reply. I will consider everything that may be necessary to your flight, although we have already so many times calculated all the chances. How fortunate ~~that~~ you have only one leg chained! He who serves us is clever and enterprising; I feel certain that you will succeed. Frederick, I entreat you, let the thought of Theresa alone be present to you.'

"Notwithstanding the desire I felt at such a moment to move about in my dungeon, I seated myself on my pallet, that Confalonieri's reflections might not be disturbed. The evening wore on, the night became dark; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind, driving through the narrow embrasure of the window, shook the frame so violently, that I expected every moment it would be dashed to pieces. 'I hope that my poor friend will not have such frightful

not, and never would be, bound to circumstances and to Governments."

weather to-morrow,' said I to myself; 'yet the roads will be bad, the cold intense, the fatigue overpowering; and he so weak, too! Will he be able to support all these hardships? I trust so; the prospect of again seeing his beloved Theresa will revive his strength.'

"The wind continued to blow, and when, every quarter of an hour, the long-resounding cries of the sentinels were mingled with it, I shuddered involuntarily at the idea of the obstacles which that watchfulness opposed to every project of escape. Meanwhile I had heard eleven, twelve, then one o'clock strike, and Confalonieri had not called me — not moved. I began to apprehend that he had fallen asleep, or that, too weak to endure his emotions, he had been seized by one of those long fainting-fits which had alarmed me so much during my journey from Milan to Spielberg. Trembling at this idea, I was about to go to him, when his voice reached my ear. In less than a second I was by his side, and asked anxiously, 'What have you resolved?'

"'To remain at Spielberg.'

"'I cannot believe it,' I cried: 'it is impossible!'

"'I will not abandon my companions to their sad fate; I cannot leave you alone, exposed to the displeasure of the Emperor; my conscience and honour forbid me. Had I been able to take you with me, as I hoped to do, I should not have hesitated a moment, for friendship and duty would have alike urged me; but, rather than escape alone, I prefer to remain here. I will never profit by any good fortune that may injure my fellow-captives.'

"'But do you not fulfil a more sacred duty,' I asked, 'in risking all to rejoin your unhappy Theresa? You will, perhaps, never have another opportunity: think of this. I

The Liberal party soon recognised in Count Confalonieri its chief support, and the consideration he enjoyed in this class could not but flatter power-

beseech you on my knees to come to a more sensible resolution. The sacrifice you are willing to make will be of no service to any of us. On the contrary, there is no doubt that the Emperor will hasten the period of our deliverance when you are no longer in Spielberg. In the name of friendship, do not add to my miseries the wretchedness of knowing that we have been the cause of your voluntarily condemning yourself to perpetual imprisonment.'

"I entreated him thus for some time, invoking the names of those dearest to him; but I could not induce him to alter his determination. He merely said, 'Enough, enough! I must not desert my post: I would rather die than run the risk of aggravating the fate of those left behind. Such is my will: it is as stubborn as my duty.'

"I endeavoured to insist still further; but he interrupted me by exclaiming, 'In the name of Heaven, spare me! Do not force me to reconsider what is irrevocably decided: I have too painfully felt during the past hours how torturing such indecision is, to expose myself to it again. Pray leave me, Alexander—I wish to be alone.'

"Then he pressed me to his heart, and we remained some time speechless in each other's arms, but feeling that our souls were more than ever fraternally united.

"Next day, Confalonieri made known to the friend who had braved all kinds of dangers to rescue him, that he could not set out; and thus, with noble self-devotion, in the obscurity of a dungeon in which he was likely to terminate his life, he accomplished the greatest sacrifice that a man of honour could make to his companions in misfortune."—*Translator's Note.*

fully his self-love, and that ambition which seemed in him to be the predominating passion. His house became more and more the centre of the most declared partizans of revolution; and, by seducing the public spirit, and endeavouring to influence the instruction of the young, he sought to diffuse in his country opinions which, in taking root, would alienate the minds of subjects from the Government.

In November 1820, some of the Piedmontese conspirators caused one of his friends to invite him to go to Vigevano, to confer with one of their noted emissaries, to hear from him their intentions, and to render himself their active agent in Lombardy. Confalonieri lent himself to this invitation, and continued to advance in the spirit of revolution.

On returning to Milan, and always keeping his eyes on the aspect which things were taking at Naples, Confalonieri went, in December 1820, to Florence, for the purpose apparently of fulfilling a duty of old friendship. There he was soon joined by two friends, one of them Giuseppe Pecchia, now condemned to death for rebellion. The relations which he contracted on this journey with several persons of the Liberal party procured for him the most ample acquaintance with the efforts which the secret societies were everywhere making, princi-

pally in order to hasten the outbreak of a general revolutionary movement in Italy, of which the march of the Austrian army against the rebels of Naples was to be the first signal.

In the meantime, the Liberals of France came, early in January, recommended to the conspirators of Piedmont, to avail themselves principally of the co-operation of Confalonieri, who received in consequence, during this month, an invitation to go to Turin; but, being detained by a malady which did not permit his undertaking a journey, and being desirous, besides, of covering himself with the veil of another, he sent Pecchio, his most confidential friend, to Turin, in order that he should examine the state of things on the spot, and make him a report.

Pecchio fulfilled his mission, and, after a brief sojourn in Turin, where he assisted at several meetings, and acquainted himself with the windings of the plot, he gave to Count Confalonieri an exact account of what he had seen and done. He let him know that all parties would unite in favour of the Spanish Constitution; that the secret societies continued to propagate in the Sardinian States as well as in Lombardy; that they were in correspondence with the sects of the other States of Italy; and that at a fixed period the troops would rise

in Piedmont, and would force the King to adopt the Constitution of the Cortes; that the case of his refusal had been foreseen, but that measures had been taken to meet it; that, as soon as the revolution had been effected, a large body of troops would be sent into Lombardy; and that, upon a similar revolution succeeding there, the Austrian provinces of Italy would form with Piedmont a new independent State, governed by the Spanish statute, under the name of Northern Italy.

Pecchio acquainted Confalonieri with the means which were at the disposal of the conspirators, and presented him the statutes of the "*Federati Italiani*," and one printed in Latin, which the conspirators spread amongst the Hungarian troops, to seduce them. From this moment, Confalonieri made himself the superior centre of the Lombard conspiracy, and no one grudged him the position, which, indeed, the party gave him.

The principal and most active conspirators surrounded him assiduously, and conferred with him on the plans of the operations to be undertaken in Lombardy. Nothing of importance was meditated or undertaken in which he had not a part.

On the 16th February, 1821, Filippo Ugoni, one of those condemned to death for rebellion, was called to Milan. He obtained from Confalonieri a

payment of 4000*l.*, to employ in securing the assistance of two individuals, one of whom was destined by the Milanese conspirators to play an important part in the insurrection of the capital; and it has been proved that one of them went to Milan on the 13th of March.

An active Piedmontese emissary came direct to Confalonieri, in February 1821, to receive instructions from him as to the co-operation which was expected of his accomplices, and of which they wished to be well assured before joining an enterprise, the permanent success whereof presupposed the contemporaneous insurrection of all the provinces of Italy. In this same month of February, the factions of Parma sent one of their sectaries to him, to receive necessary instructions.

The activity and bravery of the Governor-General of Lombardy appeared to the conspirators to be an obstacle to the execution of their designs; they considered how they could get rid of him, and Confalonieri took part in the plot.*

* I declare before God and before men that my mind never entertained so cruel a thought; and I have reasons to believe that it never entered into that of any one of my friends.—*Note of the Author.*

When Count Confalonieri arrived at Vienna, on his way to Spielberg, he was visited by Prince Metternich at the police-office. I append the narration of the interview, as

Towards the 10th of March, 1821, Pecchio was sent to Piedmont, furnished with money, which

related by the Count himself to Andryane. It will be seen how he protested against the abominable calumny, inserted in the Act of Accusation, of having plotted against the life of General Bubna, the Austrian Commander-General in Lombardy.—*Translator's Note.*

“I will not dwell upon the sadness and dejection into which I fell after our separation at Villach. In losing my companions, it seemed to me that the last thread that held me to life was broken, and that there was nothing between Heaven and me but the struggles of death and the tomb. My sufferings increased, and my dissolution seemed so near at hand, that my guards hesitated some time before they conveyed me from the inn at which you left me to a house belonging to the Government. There I was placed under the care of a brave Captain of Infantry, who setting an example of humanity to his men, they all vied with one another in showing kindness and attention to the poor prisoner. These proofs of interest went to my heart ; they were so spontaneous, so unexpected, that I was affected to tears. To them I owe the first and only moments of respite and tranquillity that I have enjoyed since my arrest. When my fever was subdued, the worthy Captain, seeking every means by which to relieve the dulness of my prison, brought me all the Italian and French books, I believe, that were to be had in the town ; and the satisfaction that arises from a good action was painted on his honest countenance every time he came to me with a fresh stock. Imagining that I must desire to learn what was passing in Italy, he lent me the *Gazetta di Milano*, the only foreign newspaper permitted at Villach ; but it was at my reiterated request alone that he showed me the Number containing the Act of

was to promote the progress of the Revolution. The Marchese Benigno Bossi, now condemned to

Accusation against us, together with our sentences. 'Read,' said he, 'if you think it may be useful to your health; it is only on this account that I have yielded to your entreaties.'

"I was scarcely convalescent when a Chief Commissary of Police, sent expressly by the Minister, came to conduct me to Vienna. He told me that my departure depended entirely on the state of my health, and that it was for me to fix the day and the hour. I answered that I was ready; and the next morning, after having thanked my good Captain and his men again and again, I set out in an excellent posting-carriage. Thanks to the kind attentions of the Commissary, I did not suffer much from this rapid journey, different in every respect from the slow and fatiguing march of our convoy. In two days we were in Vienna, where they made me alight at the Chief Office of Police. 'Your lodging is rather high up,' said the Commissary, assisting me to ascend the stairs; 'but I hope you will be satisfied with it.'

"Four high stories were certainly very fatiguing to my feeble and chained legs; but with time and assistance I at last surmounted them. The apartment was tolerable, nay, too elegant for one who a few days later was to inhabit a dungeon. I made this remark smilingly to my guide. 'Who knows,' replied he, 'what may happen? Perhaps you may soon be still better lodged, and more fortunate.' He then took leave of me, to give an account of his mission to the Minister of Police.

"It was not difficult to understand the meaning of these last words, notwithstanding their ambiguity. The end of my being conducted to Vienna, which I had before guessed, was explained: they wished to subject me to a last trial, of

death for rebellion, was also drawn into this conspiracy, and presented himself at Confalonieri's bedside, to receive instructions before leaving.

which the only result for me must be perpetual captivity. Towards evening, the Director-General of Police came to inform me that next day I should see his Superior. The following morning, Count Sedlenitzky was introduced; his visit was short, and seemed a sort of preparation to that of a great personage, whom he vaguely announced, but left me to guess his name.

"It would, perhaps, have been more prudent to have refused to see Prince Metternich, in order not to alienate still further the mind of the Emperor; but I was resolved to speak to him, and to protest warmly against one infamous assertion in the Act of Accusation,—an assertion which assailed my honour, and which I owed it to myself to repel with indignation. I therefore declared to the Minister of Police that I awaited his commands. I expected impatiently, I confess, this interview with the statesman whose influence over the destinies of Italy was so powerful.

"The morning passed without his appearing, and the day was drawing to a close, when a noise of doors and hurried steps made me aware that the counsellor of kings was approaching. On seeing him enter I arose, bowed, and attempted to stand; but he graciously made me a sign to be seated. 'You live very high up, Count,' said he, drawing near the sofa, on which he took a place by my side: 'permit me to take breath before I inquire after your health.'

"We remained some seconds in silence; he then resumed:

"'I see that you are better than when at Villach, and I rejoice at it. If the melancholy state in which you were at Milan had been known at Vienna, you would not have been

These two emissaries, during all the time preceding the outbreak, kept up with Confalonieri a constant correspondence, which Pecchio communi-

exposed to the hardships of so fatiguing a journey ; but I now congratulate myself on a circumstance to which I owe the pleasure, perhaps, of seeing you, and that also of being in some degree useful to you,' he continued, with an expression of interest. 'The rigorous treatment which you have undergone, Count, cannot fail to afflict those who, like myself, know to what a hopeless cause you have sacrificed yourself ; and, believe me, it has grieved his Majesty to be obliged to suppress his habitual clemency. Unfortunately the proceedings against you existed, the law had judged, and the future tranquillity of Italy demanded examples ; not that we henceforward have anything to fear, but it was necessary that justice should take its course, and that public opinion should be satisfied. You have done for your party all that it was possible for a man to do ; you have served it to the last moment with devotion, although you must have doubted the success of your enterprise. What was then only conjecture has now become certainty, not only in the case of the Peninsula, but in that of all Europe. The two contending principles have come to a trial of strength, and everywhere the result has justified our expectations. A few energetic measures on the part of the Great Powers of Europe have sufficed to show that revolutionary ideas cannot maintain a struggle in the hearts of the people against Legitimacy. In this state of things, you will easily perceive that we attach small importance to learning more in detail all that has passed in the different parts of Italy before and after the Revolutions of Naples and Piedmont. If, then, I now seek information from you, Count, it is absolutely only in an historical point of view, and,' he hastened to add, 'with a

cated to him, that he might thereby direct the operations in Milan.

The news of the Revolution in Piedmont having

due regard to your interest, and to that of your companions in captivity. His Majesty, doubtless, would not fail to be grateful for any confidential information which you alone can supply.'

"Your Highness gives me too much importance,' I replied, bowing respectfully; 'and to satisfy you, it would be necessary ——'

"That you should merely appeal to your memory,' interrupted the Prince.

"Alas! I find there only the sorrows of my own heart; the rest is entirely effaced. Will your Highness allow me to make one protestation,' I continued, to give another turn to the conversation,—'a protestation which concerns in the highest degree that which is most precious to me on earth—my honour?'

"A slight sign indicated that I might proceed.

"I have read, with profound grief, in the Act of Accusation, that I permitted a plot to be matured against the life of General Bubna, and that I consented to his assassination. This is an abominable calumny, against which I protest emphatically, and with the more reason, as the result of the examinations proves that I indignantly opposed the plan of attacking the General, if the dreams of two or three harebrained youths may be called plans. Let Salvotti paint me in the blackest colours—let him make me out to be a dangerous conspirator, an obstinate culprit, deserving the most infamous punishment—I shall bow my head and submit to what I cannot prevent; but that he should lower me in the opinion of every one, by accusing me of having attempted the life of a man whom I esteem, and of whose

excited hopes that there would be a popular rising in the capital of Lombardy, Confalonieri did not delay occupying himself with it, together with the

friendship I am proud, is what I cannot endure without lamenting that I am prevented from publicly protesting against such an odious and cowardly act of vengeance.'

"The Prince, who had listened attentively, replied, 'This is certainly a serious inexactness; but, believe me, no one will have been deceived by it. The conduct of General Bubna towards you, the proofs of attachment which he has constantly shown you since you were a prisoner, are more than sufficient to disprove that rash assertion.'

"His Highness, returning to the subject of the historical information, which he hoped to obtain from me, immediately said, 'Perhaps you might place greater confidence in one whose rank is higher than mine. I should not be jealous,' said he, smiling; 'and, if you authorise me, I do not doubt but the august personage will himself come to hear what you may have to say, and to change your destiny and that of your friends.'

"I gave the Prince to understand that it would be useless; upon which he took leave of me, expressing his regret at not having been able, in spite of his wishes, to work out in my behalf the favourable and paternal intentions of his Majesty.

"My refusal to see the Emperor necessarily shortened my sojourn at Vienna. The next day I set out for Brünn, accompanied by the same Commissary, whose conduct towards me was throughout marked by the greatest kindness. In a few hours I reached the place of my destination. When I heard the gates of Spielberg close behind me, I bade adieu to everything that could offer consolation to my heart: little did I think or hope to find that of friendship."

ex-General Muster, now condemned to death for rebellion, one of the guilty whom his Majesty pardoned at the time of the conspiracy of Mantua.

At the very time in which this rising was meditated in Milan, an incendiary letter was addressed from that city to Filippo Ugoni, at Brescia, inviting the Brescian conspirators to rise also. Filippo Ugoni recognised no other superior than Confalonieri. The meeting convened upon the arrival of this letter in Brescia, on the 17th of March, had scarcely dispersed when Ugoni started for Milan, where, having travelled all night, he arrived on the morning of the 18th, and at the side of Confalonieri's bed asked for the instructions which his companions, who took the title of "Federati Italiani," required before answering the invitation that had been addressed to them. Many prisoners have confessed to having been affiliated to this conspiracy by Confalonieri, and encouraged by him to favour with their co-operation, and, if necessary, with money, the development of the plot, in the secret of which they had been initiated.

Filippo Ugoni, being called to Milan, appeared there about the 14th of February, with his friend Tonelli, now condemned. Together, they went at night to Confalonieri's room. Confalonieri

there disclosed to them the plan of the conspiracy, magnifying the means, and greatly praising the effects, of that Italian Confederation which he announced to them as already organised in Milan. Here Confalonieri read to them the plan of the organisation, exhorting them warmly to propagate it also in their country, and giving them several instructions as to the most advantageous mode of succeeding, and as to the persons upon whom they were to exercise their propagandism.

Nor did he limit himself to this; he also occupied himself very actively in the formation of a National Guard—an armed force which should be capable of hastening and sustaining the invasion of the rebel Piedmontese. The nominal organisation of this Guard was complete: the Commandant, the Quartermaster-General, four Colonels, four Majors, several heads of battalions, Captains and officers, were appointed, and they had thought of means of obtaining the necessary arms. And, as it was important that this Guard should be brought into activity, even before the invasion of the rebel troops, in order to be able to second them, they attempted, but vainly, to deceive the authorities themselves, by endeavouring to make them see the need of such a Guard, under the pretext of the maintenance of

order. Confalonieri tried, by means of confiding persons, to cause the choice of the chiefs and officers to fall on those individuals who had been designated in the private conferences of the conspirators, and who already belonged to the federation. The conspirators also felt the necessity at the moment of the expected Piedmontese invasion, of instituting a Provisional Government in which supreme authority should be vested, from which, as from a supreme centre, should emanate the orders which were to conduct the success of the meditated insurrection.

In a conference held towards the beginning of March, 1821, which Confalonieri, on account of illness, could not attend, the first basis of this project was discussed with him, and matured by him very by-and-by.

It was arranged that the tribunal of the Revolution should be auxiliary to that which, at the moment of the Revolution of Piedmont breaking out, would be sitting in Turin; that Pecqueur should be charged to repair to that city, as a point of union for communication between the two juntas. The organic form of this supreme body was determined upon. It was to be divided into seven sections. There was the section

Foreign Affairs, of the Interior, of War, of Justice and Legislation, of Finances, of Public Security, and of Worship. The chiefs of sections were proposed and designated, as well as the secretaries of orders and of correspondence.

The Presidency was, without opposition, assigned to Confalonieri. The moment in which he was to usurp the sovereign power would be that of the invasion of the enemy, and he was to occupy himself with the most advantageous means of drawing the whole population into the interests of the revolutionary cause.

But, as the course of events was too slow for the desires of Confalonieri, he arranged with Pallavicini, now condemned, who had been before affiliated to the Confederation, that he should go to Piedmont, to hasten the movements of the rebels, and the invasion of Lombardy. Pallavicini went to the Sardinian States, accompanied by Gaetano Castilia, another of the condemned, and both redoubled their efforts according to their instructions. It did not escape Confalonieri that a premature incursion made with insufficient forces would only cause the failure of the plans of the conspirators; besides, such an incursion would encounter a powerful resistance in the Austrian troops, which were then being concentrated. Consequently, he wrote to the General of the Pied-

montese rebels, advising him to risk nothing, and, above all, not to occupy Lombardy with too weak a military force; but, assuring him at the same time that, if the Piedmontese army should come there in great force, it would be well received, and could rely on all the resources of the city and of the country. Whilst the respective authorities were watching attentively the proceedings of Confalonieri, he did not cease sending his news to the Brescian colony, and occupying himself incessantly with those projects of political change which the Italian refugees formed in Geneva and Lausanne. The contact into which he came with some foreign travellers, after the Revolutions of Naples and Piedmont had been suppressed, and the letters of some of his emigrant friends, acquainted him with a new series of plots that were being formed in Switzerland, by means of which the French faction sought to create in Lombardy partial disturbances, which later would burst out in revolt. The authors of these letters endeavoured to make Confalonieri share their hope that these would bring about a better future. He received, in October 1821, a letter from Giuseppe Vismara, a condemned refractory, in which he exhorted him to second the efforts which the authors of the new conspiracy were making to take up again the threads of the

former one, and assure the triumph of the revolutionary cause at a more favourable moment. Two or three days before his arrest, from which he endeavoured to save himself by flight, an unknown hand addressed to him, on the 13th December, 1821, some mysterious communications, which he was charged to consign to a foreign emissary, to whom they would serve as introductions to some of the most notorious French Liberals. This man, perverted to the depths of his heart, and most dangerous by his extensive relations—this man, who, exercising a bad influence over all who approached him, involved so many persons in his dark intrigues, drove so many individuals to crime, brought affliction into so many families, and was so near causing the ruin of his country—far from showing any repentance during the course of the trial, manifested an unconquerable obstinacy in his crime, which was, with a species of vainglory, fully confessed by him.

CRIME OF ALESSANDRO ANDRYANE.

ALESSANDRO FILIPPO ANDRYANE, of Paris, served in the "Hundred Days" as aide-de-camp to General Merlin, his brother-in-law. Legitimate order being again established in the kingdom of France, he re-entered private life.

At the end of 1819, being under a decree of arrest for debt, he left Paris, and came to reside at Geneva. Here he came in contact, and formed an intimate friendship, with the Tuscan refugee, Buonarotti, known for his revolutionary genius, who instructed him in the Italian language, and in music.* After a sojourn in Geneva and its neighbourhood of three years, interrupted only by a secret journey, which he made every year to Paris, Andryane formed the design to go into Italy. In the month of September, 1822, and before carrying his design into effect, he went clandestinely to Paris, where he remained concealed from the authorities for a month. Returning afterwards to

* “ At the period when I was thus full of enthusiasm for the sacred cause of liberty and its sincere defenders, I became acquainted with one of its most devoted champions, Michael Angelo Buonarotti. He was a venerable Republican, who had passed through a long life of adversity and persecution with the greatest firmness and integrity of character, and was now earning an honourable and independent livelihood at Geneva, by giving instruction in music and Italian. From this modern Procida, whose life had been a continual sacrifice to his political convictions, I learned what great designs a single individual, however humble his situation, may perform by a strong will and an unchangeable perseverance in one object. By endeavouring to imitate his self-denial, his disinterestedness, and his constancy, I succeeded in raising myself by degrees above the factitious wants of society, and thought myself highly honoured when he pro-

Geneva and to Lausanne, he advanced towards Italy in December, 1822, and arrived at Milan at the end of the month.

posed to receive me into a numerous association of patriots, labouring to secure the triumph of political and religious liberty all over the world.

“Though far from sharing his ultra-democratic opinions, I fell completely under his influence ; whether from being overcome by the natural ascendancy of his character, or that the mystery with which he surrounded himself, by appealing to my imagination, gave him in my eyes extraordinary and superior attributes, which made me view him almost as the genius of liberty. I attended meetings, at which the most important political questions were profoundly discussed, and where measures were adopted for extending throughout Europe the ramifications of a society of which we formed the centre, and to which a great number of remarkable persons belonged.

“During the first months of 1822, I was charged with several missions to France, on which great hopes were founded ; but they all proved fruitless. The various parties opposed to the Bourbons had been so disorganised and disunited by their recent failures at B  fort, Saumur, Rochelle, and other places, that it was impossible to direct and concentrate their efforts on one common object. Under this conviction, I determined to occupy myself no more with the affairs of France, especially as I had perceived that, in spite of the retrograde march of her government, public opinion had made sufficient progress to enable her to reconquer her liberties without having recourse to arms.

“I had confidence in the future destinies of France ; for amidst the old Republicans, Imperialists, and Constitutionalists, amidst the intrigues and agitation of secret societies, I

The notice which the Government received of the criminal proceedings of the revolutionists living in Switzerland, and the relations which this very An-

had seen arise a new generation, patriotic, reflecting, and devoted, preparing by study and meditation to gain for their country the liberties and institutions which a recourse to conspiracy and arms had failed to obtain. Approving of the moderation and good sense of this party, I resolved for the future to shun the plots which were still rife in France : and, to avoid all temptation to the contrary, I determined to pass a year or two in Italy, and devote myself to literature and the arts.

“Buonarrotti, being informed of my project, proposed to charge me with a secret mission to that country, which I joyfully accepted. To labour for the independence of Italy, and the vindication of her liberties, was in my eyes a noble and holy vocation—the more so from my having, during my residence at Geneva, formed an acquaintance with several Italian exiles, who had engaged my sympathies in their cause. All my thoughts were now turned to this enterprise, to which my heart no less than my imagination prompted me. I had long conferences with Buonarrotti and several other Italians, and received from them the necessary instructions, and the names of many distinguished individuals, who were either already connected with the secret societies, or persons whom it was desirable to enlist. They promised to announce my arrival by letter to these persons. On the mission itself we were perfectly agreed : we differed only about a great variety of statutes, diplomas, and ciphers, with which Buonarrotti was desirous of intrusting me, but which I refused to carry, as being useless and dangerous. I was obliged, however, to yield to his solicitations, and to force these papers into a large writing-case, together with numer-

dryane had held with some of them during his sojourn in Geneva, drew upon him the attention of the authorities, and ultimately led to an investigation of his papers.* These, taken from the

ous letters of introduction, among which was one from Buonarrotti to his brother, at Florence. The only precaution that was taken concerning them consisted in arranging that I should not be the bearer of these documents in passing the frontier of Italy, but that one of our friends should bring them to me at the first town of Piedmont or Lombardy at which I should stop.”—ANDRYANE.

* Andryane himself thus narrates this unhappy episode of his life:—

“When I awoke, on the 18th of January, it was late,—later than it appeared by the light, for it snowed, and the weather was wintry and gloomy. I eagerly spread out the map of Italy on my bed. I found out Florence and Naples. I thought of the delightful days I should pass there; of the happy hours which the pursuits of literature had in store for me; of the rambles and excursions I should make in Tuscany, the Papal States, Sicily, and Calabria.

“A clock in the neighbourhood struck nine: the person who was to come for the papers might be expected every moment: I therefore hurriedly drew the parcel from its hiding-place, and put it under one of the cushions of my sofa, ready to my hand when my friend came. The door-bell rang. ‘’Tis he!’ said I to myself. I opened the door, but the person was unknown to me; it was a servant who had come from a gentleman, his master, to ask me if I should be at home at noon. Shortly afterwards, the bell was rung again. ‘If this be not he,’ thought I, ‘surely it must be Lablache, my portly Lablache, with his rich voice and his

place in which he had concealed them, made him clearly known as an emissary of that dangerous

hearty merriment.' No, it was no Lablache, but a gentleman in a brown coat, of a sinister and cadaverous visage, followed by several gendarmes. I shuddered; a thought struck me like a thunderbolt,—'It is all over with me!'—a moment of intense agony, which, however, I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask the personage in the brown coat to what I owed the honour of his visit.

"'Excuse me,' he replied; 'I am sent by the Custom House to search whether you have not contraband goods in your possession.'

"'I am not a merchant: the Custom House ought to be aware of that.'

"'I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty;' and, so saying, he and his myrmidons entered my room.

"A thought, a glimmer of safety, shot through my mind. The fire was blazing in the grate: to throw my papers into it whilst I confused these pretended Custom House officers by engaging them in a scuffle, was worth attempting. I rapidly took two or three steps toward the sofa; but I found I had to do with a man who was no novice in this sort of expedition. Two of his alguazils had immediately stationed themselves in front of the fire-place. I should, however, have proceeded in my design, relying on my own strength, but that it occurred to me the papers were inclosed in the cursed leather case, and would not, therefore, immediately catch fire. My situation was desperate, my means of escape none. If I had had arms, I should certainly have made an attempt, however hazardous; but I had nothing but a cane.

"Taken by surprise, I was obliged to conceal my feelings and put on a good face while the agents of the police

sect which, under the title of "*Sublime Perfect Masters*," took an active part in preparing the

examined one by one the drawers of my wardrobe and desk. All my movements, my very looks, were strictly watched by the eye of their leader, who expected, perhaps, by these means to gain a hint as to where the objects of search were concealed, or perhaps feared that in some way or other I should spirit them away. To put off the evil moment for a time, I drew near them as they examined the papers of my desk; I even joked with them on some passages in my travelling journal, out of which I read several sentences to the head-officer, such as the letter of Buonarotti, of which it seems he could not decipher the writing. But all these feints served little to lead the Signor Conte Bolza off the scent: he was an old bloodhound of the Police, and well versed in the art and mystery of arrests.

"A last resource struck me. I would try and gain possession of the writing-case, hurl it on to the roofs of the neighbouring houses, then covered with snow, and, profiting by the surprise of my visitors, throw myself out into the street. It was a desperate measure, which would have availed me nothing, and which the next moment rendered impracticable. Several of the police had already arrived in the course of their search at the sofa, towards which, as if by instinct, the Commissary Bolza all at once advanced. The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chill ran through my veins;—I felt that my fate was about to be decided.

"Transported with his lucky seizure, of which he already suspected the importance, Bolza, fixing his cold and serpent-like eyes upon me, began to open the case. I strongly protested against this, and required him on his responsibility

Revolution of Piedmont, and submerging all the rest of Italy in the horrors of a general insurrection.

to inclose it in an envelope and place a seal upon it immediately. 'Take me,' I said to him, 'take me before the Director-General of Police: he alone should examine these papers.' To this he acceded, and carefully sealed the packet in my presence, his gendarmes still continuing a minute search throughout the chamber.

"The evil was without remedy; and I now had only to brace myself for whatever might happen, and bear it with becoming fortitude. With this view, I preserved an air of perfect assurance and politeness towards the agents of the Police, which prevented their losing for an instant the respect due to me. Without the least appearance of uneasiness, and with as much tranquillity as if I were going to call on an intimate friend, I left my room with Bolza, who loaded me with marks of deference and respect. The staircase, the court, the door, at which a coach was in waiting, were all guarded by soldiers, placed ready to prevent any attempt at escape.

"'I had taken every precaution, you see,' said the prudent Commissary, with a self-satisfied air: 'I knew with whom I had to deal; and, to tell the truth, I would not have undertaken your arrest if they had not given me a strong force.'

"'I see you understand your business,' I answered.

"In a few minutes we arrived at the head-office of the Police, where, under a good escort and guarded by Bolza, I was introduced into the cabinet of the Director without delay. The sealed case was handed over to him. He took it, tore off the envelope, opened it, and, having turned over the papers, begged me to be seated; then, desiring Bolza to

These writings showed how "*the Great Firmament*," placing his hopes in the Spanish Revolution, still entertained, in the last months of 1822, the

examine its contents and make a list of them, he sat down again to his desk, and continued his employment.

"The silence which prevailed in the room, only broken by the rustling of the parchments as the Commissary drew them from the case, and the scratching of the pen of the Director as he wrote, left me entirely to myself, and I began more clearly to see the abyss into which I had fallen. No chance of saving myself occurred to my mind. I am in the power of the Austrians; I am lost—I see it—I feel it! These were my only thoughts. Tired of this anxious state of suspense, I asked leave of the Director of Police to take a book from his library, a request which he accorded very graciously. I opened the book, and turned over the pages; I even read several of them mechanically, though I found it vain to attempt to interest my mind in the subject; and my eyes kept wandering every now and then to catch a furtive glance of what was going on around."

"Sometimes a glimmer of hope enlivened my spirits, and I said to myself, 'After all, what have I done to warrant my arrest? They can only send me with a good escort to the frontier.' Already I had traversed the Alps, I had gained Switzerland, I was at Geneva,—a momentary illusion which the Director of Police very soon dispelled, by requesting that I would myself draw up, and check with Bolza a list of the papers in the case: not a word, not a gesture, however, betrayed his intentions towards me. Polite, though reserved, he had the manners of a man of the world, who feels, and never forgets, that no circumstances give us a right to be less attentive or less civil to one whom misfortunes have stricken. I really felt grateful

idea of tying anew the threads of the scheme which the political events of Naples and of Piedmont had broken ; and now, in Geneva, under his auspices, a centre of active co-operation was formed, which furthered his revolutionary designs against the tranquillity of Italy. Andryane, affiliated by Buonarrotti to this sect, with the superior grade of "*Sublime*

to him ; and, after his telling me that he was sorry it was his duty to place me in confinement, and before my leaving the room, I stopped and thanked him for his attention and politeness. Had his manners been rough and overbearing, I should certainly have felt the horror of my situation much more keenly.

"On being conducted into another chamber, they undressed me from head to foot,—the first operation of my gaoler, and the first of the long series of annoyances which were continued to the last moment of my captivity. After undergoing the scrutiny of this talented personage, who was so little satisfied at finding nothing, that he was almost ready to peer under my eyelids for concealed despatches, they conducted me into a lower apartment, where I found Bolza, who immediately led me to the prisons of the Police. To reach them, it was necessary to pass through a large kitchen, where two or three cooks in white jackets were busied, as my guide informed me, in preparing dinner for the numerous prisoners of the Commission. 'You see his Majesty takes care that you should live well here,' added he, pointing out the shelves furnished with pans ; 'and, moreover, we have here the first cook of Milan, the famous Cisalpino: you will find yourself very well off.'

" 'Really,' said I, looking at the dainty morsels hung

Elect," received the charge of propagating the reforms in Italy which had been newly introduced; of extending there as much as possible the ramifications of the Society; and of instituting new Churches and new Synods, which, joining themselves to the centre at Geneva, would receive from thence their instructions.

around, 'I did not know the Emperor treated his prisoners so well.'

" 'When a man has on a stone jacket, what has he better to amuse himself with than eating?' cried a burly man, with a horse-laugh, whom Bolza introduced to me as the head-gaoler.

" 'You will not find it very comfortable to-day,' said the Commissary; 'but in a day or two—Is all ready?' he asked hastily of a turnkey who came up at the moment.

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Then let us be gone,' I said; and he led me into the same building where Silvio Pellico had been confined three years before: but its female inmates had been removed; and their chambers, changed into prisons, were now occupied by the unfortunate patriots whom the Commission had torn from the bosom of their families.

" Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the gaoler opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed.

" 'May I trouble you to enter?' said Bolza. I entered: the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God recompense, some day or other, the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!"—*Translator's Note.*

Andryane then learnt that a conspiracy had been formed in Geneva, under the name of "The Italian Congress," which occupied itself with measures for exciting new changes in Italy, and of which he was to second the plans.

Better to accomplish the mission which was destined for him, he was raised to the high grade of Deacon Extraordinary (Diacono Straordinario). Furnished with the patent of the "Great Firmament," and with all the necessary papers, he left Geneva and Lausanne towards the 1st of December, 1822. In Bellinzona, he conferred with a refugee Piedmontese sectary,* according to the

* Here are the details of the interview, as related by Andryane himself:—

"In accordance with the instructions I had received from Buonarotti, I saw at Bellinzona some Italian refugees, one of the most active of whom, forewarned of my arrival, had been especially charged to make arrangements with me to forward the success of my mission. He was a man on whose zeal I could depend; but, unfortunately, he had neither the judgment nor the experience requisite to give me the advice and information I wanted. Little versed in European politics, Malinvernì regarded nothing but the independence of Italy, and saw but one means of attaining it—secret societies. Having witnessed the results which the plots of the Carbonari had produced in his country, he had no other end or hope than the reorganisation of that society throughout the Peninsula. He therefore received me with joy, praised my devotion, encouraged my projects,

instructions received from Buonarotti, and consulted with him on the method of the correspon-

and assured me of success, extolling the patriotism of his countrymen.

"The praises which he lavished upon me, the faith which he had in the destinies of his country, and the confidence with which he dispelled all my doubts, disposed me more and more to the immediate execution of an undertaking, which had often appeared to me not sufficiently matured. 'What are you afraid of?' said he; 'are you not announced? are you not expected? No sooner will you give your name than you will be received with confidence. The affair will proceed as if by magic. Would that I were in your place! How easy and noble is the task which the protecting genius of enslaved nations has reserved for you!'

"'Would it not be prudent, at least,' said I, 'to leave behind me the diplomas and regulations of secret societies, which would expose me to continual dangers, and would not fail to cause my ruin, if they happened to be seized upon my person?'

"'Consider, my dear friend, they are your credentials.'

"'That may be true of the letters of introduction; but as to the other papers ——'

"'They are an essential concomitant. How can you expect that any one will take your word without them? Trust to my experience; men, in Italy especially, must be initiated by secrets and mysteries, in order to be convinced that we are in earnest. We must satisfy them that they will acquire importance by joining a society which will appear the more powerful from its being hid from their sight.'

"'All that may be true; yet I cannot help feeling some

dence which he was to keep up with him from Milan, and the other countries of Italy, where he would have to stop; and, having procured recommendations from another Piedmontese refugee at Lugano

uneasiness at taking charge of such dangerous proofs of ——'

" 'You know you will not have them upon your person when you pass the frontier. They shall be carried to Milan, or anywhere else, by one of our men; but it is indispensable that you should have them with you, for without them you will do nothing with my countrymen, I assure you.'

" 'Be it so, then: I consent to take them; but on the condition that you wait for a letter from me before you send them. You will allow that I could not use them on my first arrival without committing the greatest imprudence.'

" 'Look here,' said Malinverni, pointing to a young man who had just entered the room; 'this youth shall be my messenger to you. He is a fine fellow, upon whom you may rely; and his peculiar position well qualifies him for the office.'

" Having settled this point, we proceeded to make arrangements for our correspondence, places of meeting, trustworthy agents, and similar things. The interview was prolonged during the whole of the 24th, and was attended successively by several of the refugees, who all joined in deploring the fate of Italy. Her chains had just been riveted at the Congress of Verona, and Austria threatened to drive the exiles themselves from their refuge, where they had still the consolation of hearing their native tongue, and being within a few miles of the frontiers of their country."—

Translator's Note.

for some Austrian subjects, he proceeded to Milan, where his operations were to commence. Andryane did not fail, as soon as he arrived, to notify his address to his correspondent of Bellinzona, from whom he expected other papers, that they might be safely remitted to him.

In his quality of *Diacono Straordinario*, he knew that the only and ultimate aim which the sect proposed to itself was the destruction of religion and of all monarchies, the assassination of sovereigns, and the establishing of a democratic Republic.

To form a just idea of the perversity of this impious sect, it suffices to know that it proscribed all revealed religion, that it made a duty of regicide, that the sectaries admitted to the first rank were obliged to renounce the religion professed by them, and that those admitted to the second grade were forced to strike with a dagger the symbols of royalty.*

* The Austrian official writer was no doubt instructed to make the formula of the oath taken by the Carbonari seem still more dreadful and fantastic than it really was. He did not, perhaps, anticipate that one day the original document would be found in Romagna. This, however, was the case; and I am now able to translate it from the remarkable work on the events of Italy published by the Marquis Gualterio in 1850. The high character of the

The *Maestro Sublime, ossia Muratore Perfetto* Sublime Master, or Perfect Mason—is obliged to take an oath, under pain of death, that he will keep secret to the propagation of the sect all his po-

author, and the position he holds in his country (being Senator of the Italian kingdom, and Governor of Perugia). I leave no doubt that the oath here appended is the one taken by the followers of Carbonarism when they enter the sect:—

“I, a free citizen of Ausonia, reunited under the same Government and the same popular laws which I desire to myself to establish, even should it cost me my blood, in presence of the Grand Master of the Universe and the Grand Elect, my good cousins, to employ all the means of my existence to obtain the triumph of the principles of liberty, of equality, of hatred of tyranny, which is the basis of all the secret and public actions of the respectable *carbonaria*. I promise to propagate the love of equality in all minds in which it will be possible for me to re-establish the régime of liberty, *without fighting*, and to do so until I die.”

“I consent, should I have the misfortune to become untrue to my oaths, to be sacrificed by my good cousins, the Grand Elect, in the most painful manner. I offer myself to be crucified in the depths of a grotto, or in a chamber of darkness, naked, crowned with thorns, and in the same manner as our good cousin Christ, our Redeemer and our model. I consent, further, that my bosom shall be torn open while I am alive; that my heart and bowels shall be taken out and roasted; that my limbs shall be cut off and scattered about; that burial shall be denied to my body.”

Here follow the principal articles (fifty-eight in number) of the social and constitutional pact of the Ausonia, which were communicated to the new Grand Elect.—*Translator's*.

— physical, intellectual, and pecuniary, — and punctually and blindly obey his superiors.

In the degree of the *Sublime Elect*, four feasts were celebrated, which answered to the most disastrous epochs of the French Revolution, of which this sect desired everywhere to renew the sanguinary spectacle, and amongst which was that in which Louis XVI. fell under the axe of impiety and crime. Indispensable, above all, was it declared to be to the Sublime Elect to infuse a profound hatred against princes and the Holy See. They were, consequently, to irritate bitterly the people against the higher classes, and against the Pontiff. On the day of the popular movement, “they were to allow the momentary triumph of the mob. They might plunder, and dye themselves with patrician and sacerdotal blood, in order that, once compromised, they might not be able to withdraw from the precipice.” In conclusion, they made known “that constitutional monarchy formed the object of their desires only in appearance, but that in reality it was a means of facilitating the total destruction of every system of monarchy.”

This was the sect which Andryane, having become a proselyte at Geneva, assumed the charge of propagating through the whole of Italy, co-

operating at the same time with the views of the "Italian Congress," which, since March 1822, had been instituted in that city under the auspices of the "Great Firmament," who approved of it, and under the direction of the *Diacono Mobile Buonarrotti*.

Andryane came to Italy furnished with the means of facilitating the execution of the charge he had assumed. Several letters were given to him for various places he was to go through; he received some from Paris, and others from Switzerland, and all from persons who had taken an active part in the conspiracies of 1821. Besides this, the names of several were given him by Buonarrotti—foreigners as well as Lombards—as being persons to whom he might with security explain his projects.

Andryane's operations were to commence in Lombardy. He had letters for Milan, for Brescia, and for Pavia. The search made in the meantime had led to the discovery of the names inscribed on the list written for Andryane: these men were seized; and the others had not been able to hide themselves from the knowledge of the authorities.

Andryane profited by his residence in Milan to make the personal acquaintance of some of those

who were marked on his papers.* He presented to one person the letter which was to serve as the

* "In the evening, on my return home from the Opera, I found that a gentleman had been long waiting for me in my apartment. It was the young Italian who had undertaken to bring me the papers I had left with Malinverni. I asked him whether Malinverni had not received the letter in which I had requested him not to send them. He answered that he knew nothing of that letter; that he had undertaken to deliver the papers safely into my hands, and had now come to fulfil his promise. What could I do? To decline relieving him of a dangerous trust was an idea which I could not entertain for a single moment; not to thank him for the risks he had run in order to keep his word, would be a want of manners and of feeling. I therefore took the papers with many thanks, without daring to tell him that I would make no use of them; a false shame, such as we often feel in the course of our life, and which proved my ruin.

"If I had acquainted him with the cause of my change of mind, he might, perhaps, have consented to the destruction of these dangerous documents; and his approbation, no doubt, would have sufficed to determine me to burn them. I was only deterred from executing this after his departure by the fear of appearing faint-hearted, or of displeasing Buonarotti. Staggered by these and other similar considerations, in which self-love was predominant, I withheld my hand at the moment of committing the fatal papers to the flames, resolving to avoid every reproach, and to discharge my responsibility, by depositing them in the hands of a trustworthy friend.

"I now opened the case, and took a rapid survey of its contents, some of which I burned, as likely to compromise the persons I had seen, or whom I still intended to see. Then

means of assuring himself of his thoughts, and deavoured to draw him to his views. Another person, with whom he bound himself intimately, fled on the news of his arrest. The activity of the authorities surprised him there in the comment of his operations; and for the wicked course which he wished to pursue, and of which he confessed himself guilty, he has been condemned to the punishment due to such enormities.

Yesterday was published the unanimous sentence pronounced by the special Commission of First and Second Instance, and by the Senate sitting at Verona (Chamber of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice), upon a great number of persons implicated in this conspiracy, and notably on the one named Andryane, as one of the most important emissaries of those pernicious foreign sects recently arrested.

I again placed the whole in a cover, with the intention of going the next morning to beg my friend to take it on his charge. I went to him very early, after, however, taking the precaution of hiding the packet; but by a sad fate my friend had gone into the country the evening before and was only expected home in the afternoon. After calling many times at his residence, I at last met him towards the evening, and he promised that he would not fail to come for the papers at nine or ten o'clock the following day."—ANDRYANE.

Nine of the fugitive conspirators, cited, according to law, by means of the prescribed Edicts, have been condemned to death for refractoriness. The sentence of death, pronounced against seven of the prisoners, has been, by the mercy of the sovereign, commuted to corporal punishment. With regard to Confalonieri and Andryane, punishment of death has been commuted to that of imprisonment for life: the other five will be imprisoned for a greater or less duration. Those amongst the accused on whose guilt a doubt could be cast were, for want of legal proofs, set at liberty.

If the Sovereign has been moved to mitigate the just rigour of the laws, and to soften the sentences pronounced against the convicted criminals, without excepting those who were the most deserving of punishment, it is, above all, from the consciousness of his own force, and of the solidity of the State.

Such being the fidelity of the people—a fidelity demonstrated, in the most formal manner, in the very places which the conspiracy had chosen as the focus of its operations—this guilty enterprise could but turn to the confusion and ruin of its authors. With such guarantees, the tranquillity of the State is assured from every danger.

ROSSETTI'S SONG.

LA COSTITUZIONE IN NAPOLI

NEL 1820.

I.

Bell' alba è questa ! Ah, di quel dì beato
 La vivissima imago in me ridea,
 Quand' io da lieto popolo accerchiato
 Scelamai nel patrio suol — bell' alba è questa !—
 Ma che ! mentr' io rivivo nel passato,
 Come, o gioiosa idea, ti fai funesta !
 Tu fai ch' io scelami, mentre al cuor mi giungi,
 —Ape di mèl nutrita, ah, come pungi !—

II.

E pur mi siete care,
 O rimembranze amare !
 Quando per voi rinasco
 In giovanil baldanza,
 Quando per voi mi pasco
 D'italica speranza,
 Allor mi siete care,
 O rimembranze amare !

III.

Biondeggia luglio : fervida canicula
 Le spighe indora fluttuanti e spesse,
 E lussureggia d'abbondanza sicula
 L'anglica mèsse.

E te di luglio nono dì santifico,
Ond' ebbe Italia memorando esempio :
Umile stanza d' eremo pacifico,

Cangiati in tempio !

Un cor dolente che alla patria è dedito
Di rado batte che sia pari al mio,
E quanto d' essa sospirando io medito
Scriver desio.

Su queste carte la più viva imagine
Di que' bei giorni consecrar mi piace :
E tu rispetta queste poche pagine,
O tempo edace !

IV.

Ah, fra l' aure mattutine
Che rallegran la natura,
L' alma mia divien più pura !
Parmi aver d' intorno al crine
Il decoro — dell' alloro
Che m' ornava in verde età !

E quell' epoca augurale
Tal mi sorge nella mente,
Che il passato è già presente.
Fantasia che impenni l' ale,
Fa ch' io torni — ai lieti giorni
Della patria libertà !

Già Partenope riveggo :
Già la terra dell' esiglio
È sparita dal mio ciglio.
Ecco, è notte ; ed io mi seggo
Sul Sebeto — che più lieto
Mormorando al mar sen va.

Un gigante là s' accinge
A disegno ardimentoso ;

Mentre il rumina pensoso,
 Ei non dorme e pur lo finge :
 Tal mi pare—in riva al mare
 La vastissima città.

V.

Quand' ecco fra le tenebre tranquille
 Un plauso suona del Tirren sul lido,
 E mille labbra e mille
 Prorompono in un grido :
 Ai voti del suo popolo
 Cede spontaneo il re.
 E quel gigante che dormir fingea
 Balza dal letto e per le vie festeggia.
 La reggia io pria temea,
 Or corro invêr la reggia ;
 La scorgo, e mi commovono
 Riconoscenza e fè.

VI.

O memorando di! Mi sforzo invano
 Ritrarti all' avvenir, di memorando !
 Il popol tutto, man battendo a mano,
 Il palagio real va circondando.
 —Viva Fernando !—odo gridar lontano,
 Odo gridar vicin —Viva Fernando !—
 E parmi in tutta la gioiosa riva
 —Viva Fernando —udir —Fernando viva !—

VII.

E per desio spontaneo,
 Le accorse intorno a me genti adunate
 Con moto consentaneo,
 Quasi fosser crescenti onde affollate,

D' un grido simultaneo
 Mi ripetea — Tu taci, o patrio vate? —
 Vivo ardor subitaneo
 Tutte in me ridestò le fiamme usate :
 E in estro estemporaneo,
 Con dato intercalâr, con rime date,
 Alla memoria
 Di quel gran dì
 Canto di gloria
 Sciogliea così.

VIII.

Di sacro genio arcano
 Al soffio animatore,
 Divampa il chiuso ardore
 Di patria carità :
 E fulge omai nell' arme
 La gioventù raccolta.
 Non sogno questa volta,
 Non sogno libertà !
 Dalle nolane mura
 La libera coorte
 Gridando — A Monteforte ! —
 Alza il vessillo e va :
 La cittadina tromba
 Lieta squillar s' ascolta.
 Non sogno questa volta,
 Non sogno libertà !
 Fin dal fecondo Liri
 All' Erice fiorito
 Quel generoso invito
 Più vivo ognor si fa :
 E degli eroi la schiera
 Sempre divisa più folta.

Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà !

Si turba il re sul trono
Al grido cittadino,
Chè teme in sul destino
Di sua posterità :

Ma di ragione un raggio
Ogni sua nebbia ha sciolta.
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà !

Di che temer potea
In mezzo ai figli suoi ?
Un popolo d' eroi
Omai l' accerchierà ;

Nè più vedrassi intorno
Turba fallace e stolta.
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà !

Difenderem ne' suoi
I nostri dritti istessi ;
Finchè non siamo oppressi
Offeso ei non sarà.

Ogni oste a noi nemica
Qui resterà sepolta.
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà !

Giungesti alfin, giungesti,
O sospirato giorno!
Tutto ci brilla intorno
Di nuova ilarità :

Redenzion di patria
In ogni fronte è scolta.
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà !

La rediviva gloria
Per ogni via passeggia,
E torna nella reggia
L'espulsa verità :

La mascherata fraude
Fra le sue trame è còlta.
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà !

Già coronata è l'opra :
Patria, ringrazia il nume.
O qual ti cinge un lume
Di nuova maestà !

Chi fia che più ti dica
Barbara terra incolta ?
Non sogni questa volta,
Non sogni libertà !

IX.

Come s'ode un frastuono in gran foresta
Che a più venti si scuota in giogo alpino,
Tal d'applausi crescenti una tempesta
Il fremito affogò del mar vicino.
La confusa io chinai fronte modesta.
Ma già spuntava in ciel fausto il mattino,
Ed oh qual vista offerse al guardo mio !
Tutti piangean di gioia, e piansi anch'io.

X.

Vidi in più guise esprimere
Un sentimento solo :
Questi fra lor s'abbracciano,
Quei van gridando a stuolo :
Altri la reggia baciano,
E bacian altri il suolo.

Chi gode per la patria,
Chi benedice il re.

La gioia fa che il popolo
Ogni opera abbandoni:
Liete ghirlande infiorano
Le porte ed i balconi,
E per tre giorni durano
I canti i balli i suoni:
Discorde in tanto giubilo
No che un sol uom non v'è.

XI.

Non si mostrava ancora
Del quarto giorno l'aspettata aurora,
E risplendea con pompa trionfale
Per mille faci la città reale.
E il re la notte istessa,
Quasi a santificar la sua promessa,
Ponea la man (nè gli tremava il core?)
Sopra i santi Evangelii del Signore.

XII.

E di porpora e d'òr risorge adorno
Del fumante Vesèvo in sulla balza
Del secol nostro il più fulgente giorno
Che la città saluta e l'ombre incalza.
Fra le voci che suonano d'intorno,
Cui per mill'echi l'Appennin rimbalza,
Mi volgo all'alba, in petto il nume accolgo,
Il popol mi fa cerchio e il canto io sciolgo.

XIII.

Sei pur bella cogli astri sul crine
Che scintillan quai vivi zaffiri,
E pur dolce quel fiato che spiri,
Porporina foriera del dì.

Col sorriso del pago desio
Tu ci annunzi dal balzo vicino
Che d'Italia nell' almo giardino
Il servaggio per sempre finì.

Il rampollo d' Enrico e di Carlo,
Ei ch' ad ambo cotanto somiglia,
Oggi estese la propria famiglia,
E non servi ma figli bramò.

Volontario distese la mano
Sul volume de' patti segnati ;
E il volume de' patti giurati
Della patria sull' ara posò.

Una selva di lance si scosse
All' invito del bellico squillo ;
Ed all' ombro del sacro vessillo
Un sol voto discorde non fu :

E fratelli si strinser le mani
Dauno Irpino Lucano Sannita ;
Non estinta ma solo sopita
Era in essi l' antica virtù.

Ma qual suono di trombe festive ?
Chi s' avanza fra cento coorti ?
Ecco il forte che riede tra i forti,
Che la patria congiunse col re !

Oh qual pompa ! Le armate falangi
Sembran fiumi che inondin le strade :
Ma su tante migliaia di spade
Una macchia di sangue non v' è.

Lieta scena ! Chi plaude, chi piange,
Chi diffonde viole e giacinti ;
Vincitori confusi coi vinti
Avvicendano il bacio d' amor.

Dalla reggia passando al tugurio
Non più finta la gioia festeggia ;

Dal tugurio tornando alla reggia
Quella gioia si rende maggior.

Genitrici de' forti campioni
Convocati dal sacro standardo,
Che cercate col pavido sguardo?
Non temete; chè tutti son qui.

Non ritornan da terra nemica,
Istrumenti di regio misfatto;
Ma dal campo del vostro riscatto,
Dove il ramo di pace fiorì.

O beata fra tante donzelle,
O beata la ninfa che vede
Fra que' prodi l'amante, che riede
Tutto sparso di nobil sudor!

Il segreto dell'alma pudica
Le si affaccia sul volto rosato,
Ed il premio finora negato
La bellezza prepara al valor.

Cittadini, posiamo sicuri
Sotto l'ombra de' lauri mietuti:
Ma coi pugni sui brandi temuti
Stiamo in guardia del patrio terren.

Nella pace prepara la guerra
Chi da saggio previene lo stolto:
Ci sorrida la pace sul volto,
Ma ci frema la guerra nel sen.

Che guardate, gelosi stranieri?
Non uscite dai vostri burroni,
Chè la stirpe dei prischi leoni
Più nel sonno languente non è!

Adorate le vostre catene
(Chi v' invidia cotanto tesoro?),
Ma lasciate tranquilli coloro
Che disdegnan sentirsele al piè.

Se verrete, le vostre consorti,
Imprecando ai vessilli funesti,
Si preparin le funebri vesti;
Chè speranza per esse non v' ha
Sazierete la fame de' corvi,
Mercenarie falangi di schiavi:
In chi pugna pe' dritti degli avi
Divien cruda la stessa pietà.

Una spada di libera mano
È saetta di Giove tonante,
Ma nel pugno di servo tremante
Come canna vacilla l' acciar.

Fia trionfo la morte per noi,
Fia ruggito l' estremo sospiro:
Le migliaia di Persia fuggiro,
I trecento di Sparta restâr!

E restaron coi brandi ne' pugni
Sopra mucchi di corpi svenati,
E que' pugni, quantunque gelati,
Rassembravan disposti a ferir.

Quello sdegno passava nel figlio
Cui fu culla lo scudo del padre,
Ed al figlio diceva la madre
—Quest' esempio tu devi seguir.—

O tutrice dei dritti dell' uomo
Che sorridi sul giogo spezzato,
È pur giunto quel giorno beato
Che un monarca t' innalza l' altar!

Tu sul Tebro fumante di sangue
Passeggiavi qual nembo fremente,
Ma serena qual alba ridente
Sul Sebeto t' assidi a regnar.

Una larva col santo tuo nome
Qui sen venne con alta promessa:

Noi, credendo che fossi tu stessa,
Adorammo la larva di te :

Ma, nel mentre fra gl' inni usurpati
Sfavillava di luce fallace,
Ella sparve qual sogno fugace,
Le catene lasciandoci al piè.

Alla fine tu stessa venisti
Non ombrata da minimo velo,
Ed un raggio disceso dal cielo
Sulla fronte ti veggio brillar.

Coronata di gigli perenni,
Alla terra servendo d' esempio,
Tu scegliești la reggia per tempio,
Ove il trono ti serve d' altar.

XIV.

E col mio canto intorno al regio soglio
Sinceri attrassi cento voti e cento :
Ma d' Enrico e di Carlo il pio germoglio
Pagò la fedeltà col tradimento,
E volle in me punir nel truce orgoglio
Con ceppi e morte il delfico talento ;
Poichè quel crudo a cui sì fido io fui
Contò le colpe mie coi plausi altrui.

Tardo avvenir, se mai cantato o scritto
Ti giunge un inno che ispirato ispira,
Dell' escole cantor guarda il delitto,
E di' se generar dovea tant' ira.
Poichè mi veggo profugo e prosritto,
Con più libera man tempro la lira,
E per quest' alma, cui ragion rischiara,
Patria e religion non han che un' ara.

Presso quest' ara, cui mi stringe amore,
Espio con duol perenne un fallo antico :

Dei carmi ond' esaltai quel traditore
Mi vergogno mi pento e mi disdico.
Vili strumenti di sì turpe errore,
O mia lingua e mia man, vi maledico!
E mentre impreco a quell' infame trono,
Confesso il fallo mio, non mel perdono.

Secol di libertà che sorger dèi,
Il tuo rigor contro me stesso invoco:
Se t' imbatti talor nei versi miei
Che lodano colui, gettali al fuoco.
Ah, di mia propria man gli struggerei,
Se non fosser diffusi in più d' un loco.
Lodar quell' empio ed incensarne il serto?
Secol di libertà, sprezzami; il merto.

Entro il tempio di Dio quel prence indegno
Giurò dinanzi ai sudditi adunati,
Che il nuovo patto ei sosterrà nel regno
Appo i potenti a nostro danno armati.
E dove andò? Corse a comprar lo sdegno
Di re superbi e d' avidi soldati!
Qual fallo in noi volle punir l' altero?
Quel d' averlo creduto un uom sincero!

Ahi stolti! e ci affidammo a quel Fernando
Che avea di traditor sì nera fama,
E il cui noto a ciascun regno esecrando
Fu di perfidia una continua trama!
Il credere ad un uom sì abbominando,
Non buona fè ma cecità si chiama.
Di quanti ne soffrimmo orridi eccessi
Lagnamci men di lui che di noi stessi!

Più non condannano in altri il bel desio
Che in essi pullulò fra sdegno e duolo,
E griderei repubblica pur io,
Se potesse allignar nel patrio suolo.

Popol tradito ed insultato Iddio,
 Fate che cresca il generoso stuolo !
 Divenga ogni alma a libertà devota,
 All'idea del monarca-Isariota !

Mentre vèr noi tornava (ah, par ch'io n'abbia
 La furibonda imago ancor presente !).
 Ruggia di stizza e si mordea le labbia
 Calde dello spergiuro ancor recente.
 L'assoldata da lui tedesca rabbia
 Contro un popol fedel venia fremente :
 Nè Italia a tergo insurse a braccio armato !
 Ahi stolta, il fato nostro era suo fato !

XV.

Tanta viltà non giunse a sgomentarmi ;
 Ma di sdegno e rossor l'alma mi emplì :
 Gridando—All'armi, all'armi !—
 Corsi la notte e il dì ;
 Ed i miei carmi
 Suonâr così.

XVI.

Sorgi ! che tardi ancora ?
 Tu dormi, Italia ? Ah no !
 Di libertà l'aurora
 Sui colli tuoi spuntò.
 Sorgi ; e raffrena il corso
 D'esercito invasor,
 Che porta i segni al dorso
 Del gallico valor !
 Ah, su quel dorso indegno,
 Curvato a servitù
 Imprima un qualche segno
 Pur l'itala virtù !

E soffrirai che armati
Rechin più ceppi a te .
Que' sudditi scettrati
Che ti miravi al piè?
Come il valor degli avi
Poni in oblio così?
O schiava de' tuoi schiavi,
Fosti regina un dì!
Snuda l'acciar da forte,
Ricingi l'elmo al crin,
Sorgi: tra vita e morte
Qui pende il tuo destin!
Aperta è già la strada
Al nuovo tuo valor:
Se impugnerai la spada,
Sarai regina ancor.
È giunto il tempo omai
D'uscir di servitù,
E se sfuggir tel fai
Non tornerà mai più.

XVII.

Ah, di sciaurati che non mai fur vivi
Pur troppo Italia ha inverminito il seno!
Scorra il sangue fraterno a rivi a rivi,
Non mai l'ignavia lor non mai vien meno.
O voi di patrio amor del tutto privi,
Peso e vergogna del natio terreno,
Se il giogo non vi pesa anzi v'alletta,
Sgombrate ormai d'Italia; Austria v'aspetta!

XVIII.

Al rimbombar dei timpani vandalici,
Quasi animati il monte e il pian gemeano,
E si sentia per tutti i campi italici
Sordo fragor di conturbato oceano.

Spergiuro e ipocrisia fra l'ostie e i calici
 Nel lor novello patto a due diceano
 (Oh fede greca ed oh perfidia punica!)

— Scomunica scomunica scomunica! —

E greca fede e punica perfidia
 Si strettamente allor si collegarono,
 Ch'or forza aperta or mascherata insidia
 A danno de' più forti adoperarono.
 Eccitava pietà chi fece invidia,
 Molti erraron fuggiaschi, altri migrarono:
 E intanto il clero, per turbar più gli animi,
 L'anatema bandia con urli unanimi.

XIX.

E in cubitali lettere
 Lo vidi io stesso affigere;
 Vidi più ceppi mettere,
 Vidi più forche erigere,
 E in carceri marittime
 A greggi trar le vittime.

Nell'arte di reprimere
 Gli spiriti invincibili
 O con minacce efimere
 O con supplizi orribili,
 Napoletan carnefice,
 Cedi al roman pontefice!

XX.

O sol che del tuo corso al termin sei
 E quasi piangi in pluvioso cielo,
 Come allor che copristi agli occhi miei
 L'infausta scena di pietoso velo,
 O il men sognato fra i sognati dèi,
 Radiante signor di Cirra e Delo,
 Ah, di quella che in mente ancor mi resta
 La cena tiestea fu men funesta!

MANZONT'S SONG.

IN MORTE DI NAPOLEONE.

(IL CINQUE MAGGIO.)

ODE.

Ei fu ; siccome immobile,
Dato il mortal sospiro
Stette la spoglia immemore
Orba di tanto spiro,
Così percossa, attonita,
La terra al nunzio sta,
Muta pensando all' ultima
Ora dell' uom fatale,
Nè sa quando una simile
Orma di piè mortale
La sua cruenta polvere
A calpestar verrà.

Lui sfolgorante in soglio
Vide il mio genio e tacque,
Quando con vece assidua
Cadde, risorse, e giacque,
Di mille voci al sonito
Mista la sua non ha :
Vergin di servo encomio
E di codardo oltraggio
Sorge or commosso al subito
Sparir di tanto raggio,
E scioglie all' urna un cantico,
Che forse non morrà.

Dall' Alpi alle Piramidi,
Dal Mansanare al Reno,
Di quel sicuro il fulmine
Tenea dietro al baleno ;
Scoppiò da Scilla al Tanai,
Dall' uno all' altro mar.

Fu vera gloria ? ai posteri
L' ardua sentenza ; nui
Chiniam la fronte al Massimo
Fattor, che volle in lui
Del creator suo spirito
Più vasta orma stampar.

La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d' un gran disegno,
L' ansia d' un cor, che indocile
Ferve pensando al regno,
E 'l giunge, e tiene un premio
Ch' era follia sperar.

Tutto ei provò ; la gloria
Maggior dopo il periglio,
La fuga, e la vittoria,
La reggia, e il triste esiglio,
Due volte nella polvere,
Due volte su gli altar.

E' si nomò : due secoli,
L' un contro l' altro armato,
Sommessi a lui si volsero
Come aspettando il fato :
Ei fe' silenzio, ed arbitro
S' assise in mezzo a lor :
Ei sparve, e i dè nell' ozio
Chiuse in sì breve sponda,
Segno d' immensa invidia,
E di pietà profonda,

D' inestinguibil odio,
E d' indomato amor.

Come sul capo al naufrago
L' onda s' avvolge e pesa,
L' onda su cui del misero
Alta pur dianzi e tesa
Scorrea la vista a scernere
Prode remote invan ;
Tal su quell' alma il cumulo
Delle memorie scese ;
Oh ! quante volte ai posteri
Narrar sè stesso imprese,
E sulle eterne pagine
Cadde la stanca man !

Oh ! quante volte al tacito
Morir d'un giorno inerte,
Chinati i rai fulminei,
Le braccia al sen conserte,
Stette, e dei dì che furono
L' assalse il sovvenir.

Ei ripensò le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E il lampo dei manipoli,
E l' onda dei cavalli,
E il concitato imperio,
E il celere obbedir.

Ahi ! forse a tanto strazio
Cadde lo spirto anelo ;
E disperò : ma valida
Venne una man dal cielo,
E in più spirabil aere
Pietosa il trasportò ;

E l' avviò su i floridi
Sentier della speranza,
Ai campi eterni, al premio
Che i desiderii avanza,
Ov' è silenzio e tenebre
La gloria che passò.

Bella, immortal, benefica
Fede ai trionfi avvezza,
Scrivi ancor questo ; allegrati :
Chè più superba altezza
Al disonor del Golgota
Giammai non si chinò.

Tu dalle stanche ceneri
Sperdi ogni ria parola ;
Il Dio che atterra e suscita,
Che affanna e che consola,
Sulla deserta coltrice
Accanto a lui posò.

LETTERS OF SILVIO PELLICO.

I.

Turin, December 14th, 1838.

MY DEAREST ARRIVABENE,

I received a letter from Signor Erasmo Barigozzi, who writes to me with deeply-felt expressions of joy that one of his brothers has embraced you in the Canton Ticino only a few days ago. Good Erasmo rejoices in giving me this news, and says that you are in Italy! But in the excess of his delight he does not explain whether you have only come to the Italian part of Switzerland, or whether you have obtained permission to cross the frontier and return to your country. God grant that it may be so! And, in the meanwhile, be assured that your Pellico holds you most affectionately in his heart, and desires that you also think of him. Write to me something; tell me where you are,

and whither you are going ; tell me whether you are of the number of those who, without longer delay, can return to their native homes. Accept this brief salutation, and think of me always—always and for ever—as your most affectionate friend,

SILVIO PELLICO.

II.

Turin, February 14th, 1839.

MY DEAREST ARRIVABENE,

Your second letter gave me great pleasure ; but for us, so familiar with affliction, pleasure is always mixed with some sentiment of grief. To know that you are so near to Italy, and yet obliged to renounce your native country, has deeply pained me. Nor do I grieve for you alone. This pardon, which had so consoled me, was but an illusion ! I hoped to have seen you all again. But your resolution to take calmly this new sorrow is worthy of your wise and noble mind. May this serenity never abandon you ! I write but little to you ; I am always in rather bad health ; and I could say that I am tired of life, if it were not that I know what we ought never to say that we are tired of bearing a gift sent to us by God, and that, therefore, we

must continually arm ourselves with gentle patience and courage, and bless life as well as death. Let us suffer, then, with the resignation and strength of soul which He demands: the years fly so rapidly that to think one's sufferings long is folly. Adieu!
. . . . I press you closely, closely to my heart, and am thy

SILVIO PELLICO.

III.

Turin, April 3, 1843.

DEAREST ARRIVABENE,

Here are the books, which I beg you to give to Borsieri, and I add a letter for him, and another for Porro. I have read with true delight your statistical exposition of Belgium. Besides the satisfaction of my curiosity, I have experienced that pleasure which the writings of men who unite goodness of heart to true merit always give. All in your thoughts finds sympathy in mine, without excepting the word of friendship for Piedmont. Your departure grieves me. Give me yet a few moments.

Yours,

SILVIO PELLICO.

IV.

*Turin, January 1, 1844.***MY DEAREST ARRIVABENE,**

A day or two ago, our kind Vilain XIV. brought me your letter: it was the best New Year's gift that he could have offered me. Your friendship is dear to me. The illustrious travellers whom you mention have not yet been seen at Turin. If they come, I shall visit them with a feeling of veneration for their own virtues, but particularly because they have consoled you in the days of sorrow. I am very glad, dear friend, that you are happy in Brussels—as much so as man may be on this earth. I also may say the same. Let us bless God in our consolations and in our sufferings, and with love let us go onward. I know that you have the best wishes of every one, and that all appreciate you highly. Nevertheless, be faithful to your project of often visiting our country. I will endeavour not to die yet, that I may have the happiness of seeing you again. My health fails me, and is sometimes very bad; but the fact is proved to me now by the experience of some years, that one may continue to live on in this poor state of health; and I do not regret it. Greet our friends who are near you.

Be good enough to give the sheet enclosed to my Gioberti.

I embrace you, and am

Your most affectionate

SILVIO PELLICO.

P.S.—Barigozzi, who respects you much, begs me particularly to salute you for him.

V.

Turin, 4th May, 1844.

DEAR ARRIVABENE,

Our good Vilain XIV. offers me the opportunity of sending you a greeting, and I avail myself of it. At the same time, I beg you to give the enclosed sheet to Gioberti. Write to me how you are, what you are doing, and whether you do not intend to come soon to visit your countrymen who love you. Present my respects to Saguina, Contessa di Lalaing. She will have conveyed to you my affectionate remembrance not long since. My news is, as usual, not very favourable with respect to my infirmities; I am often worse, then a little better, and then worse again. Meanwhile I live, and light-heartedness and peace do not fail me in the midst of my sufferings. I grieve that I am

be useless ; but what is to be done ? Great is the multitude of the useless, and I console myself in the number. Or rather I do not console myself, but am resigned, and find contentment in loving the good, and the praiseworthy things which they do. Thus do I love you, my dear Arrivabene, and the good which you do. Remember me, if they are there, to the Arconati and the Berchet. I am told that Confalonieri is returned from Algiers to Milan, and that he is well. I have not yet had letters. I embrace you, and long to see you.

Ever yours,

SILVIO PELLICO.

VI.

Turin, 7th November, 1852.

MY DEAR ARRIVABENE,

I wish to compensate myself in some degree to-day by writing to you a few lines of affection. How sorry I was yesterday that an urgent engagement made it impossible for me to stay with you ! It was a promise which I was obliged to fulfil ; otherwise I should not have deprived myself of the pleasure of remaining for some moments with so dear a friend. Besides that, your friendship has

been precious to me for so many years, and there are bound up in it so many recollections full at once of sweetness and of grief! And, remembering how well all those good friends of ours who, alas! have passed away, loved you, it seems to me as if I had become the heir of the affection which they felt for you. I should never have thought to have outlived my poor Borsieri. The last time I saw him he was so troubled at my sufferings, and he seemed in such full possession of life, that I felt certain myself of soon dying, and leaving him still far from his end. Latterly, I had not heard of the failure of his health; and when the sudden news of his death reached me, my heart was broken. My infirmities are, as you see, of that kind which are slow in killing; but I suffer always. I was better last year at Rome and at Naples. I returned in the spring, and the improvement did not continue. Patience and courage unto the end! Let us adore the will of God, and confide in His goodness! Keep well, my dear Arrivabene, and preserve a good place for me in your friendship.

Yours,

SILVIO PELLICO.

THE END.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".



